

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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WORLD'S FAIR.

Voice of the Masses.

Sabbatarians Brought Round with a Quick Turn.

RINGING SPEECHES GIVEN SHOWING THAT THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN AND NOT MAN FOR IT.

"The Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."

This was the legend, in big black letters on a white background, that was stretched across the balcony back of the stage in Central Music Hall, Sunday evening, Feb. 27. The legend is a sentence taken from the treaty negotiated with Tripoli during the administration of George Washington. A silk American flag suspended immediately beneath this inscription furnished an appropriate background for the speakers.

The audience was especially noticeable for its wide divergence in make-up from the general Music Hall gathering. It was not an assemblage of capitalists or people whose features are often observed at social functions.

Quite the contrary. It was in the main a gathering of working men and women, who had assembled to protest against the closing of the great Columbian Exposition on Sunday at the demands of a puritanical minority of Sabbatarians. The members of this assemblage saw in such action their total exclusion from the benefits and advantages to be derived from a study of the great Exposition unless at a serious loss to them of time taken from their work, and this time meant loss of money. It was a gathering met to demand due consideration of the working many as against the leisurely few.

The meeting, which was called under the auspices of the American Secular Union to demand an open World's Fair, was composed of members of the following unions and societies, each of which had a certain section in the hall allotted to it:

Local Union (55) American Flint and Glass Workers.

Chicago Secular Union.

Federation of turners, thirty-five societies.

United Carpenters' council.

Carpenters' union, No. 28.

Socialistic Labor party.

Glaizers and Glass-cutters' union.

Tin and Sheet Iron Workers.

Cigar-makers' union.

Journymen Tailors' union.

Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.

Painters' district council.

Ottawa (Ill.) Turnverein.

Englewood Social Science society.

Central Labor union.

Cigar-makers' union.

Machinists' union.

On the stage were M. Reiman, E. N. Geer, M. H. Garland, M. L. Morris, S. C. Crowley, E. S. Mitchell, George Borst, T. B. Wakeman, New York: Mrs. Sherlie Woodman, C. Bivorte, B. F. Underwood, M. V. Britzlius, Charles Bary, Dr. Juliet Severance, T. J. Morgan, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, H. C. Bennett, Corinne S. Brown and C. S. Hallberg.

C. B. Waite, President of the American Secular Union, acted as chairman or master of ceremonies, which were opened by a drum and fife corps of twenty-five uniformed boys. The Edelweiss Zither club followed and won an encore by their artistic playing. Then, after a vocal solo by Mrs. Anna Lund, the real work of the meeting—the discussion of the right of the World's Fair directors to close the fair on Sundays—began with an address by Mr. Waite. The speaker's remarks were frequently interrupted by the applause and laughter of the audience at the telling points scattered through his remarks. Mr. Waite spoke as follows:

The sanctity of the Sabbath is founded upon a myth. It is founded upon an old legend, according to which the entire universe was created in six days. Then, on the seventh day, the Creator rested; and because he had done so, he blessed the seventh day and sanctified it. This is the legend.

And afterward God enjoined upon the Jews, it is stated, to keep the seventh day holy, because he had rested on that day. This is Jewish scripture based upon the legend.

But science having shown that such a creation as that described in the book of Genesis would be absurd, and in contradiction to the known course of nature; the earth having been created and covered with blooming vegetation before there was any sun, and other things equally absurd, it is now claimed that the six days were indefinite periods of time. What then becomes of the holy Sabbath? If the six days were indefinite periods of time, then the seventh day was an indefinite period of time also; and that of itself would be a sufficient reason for not closing the fair on that day; nor on Sunday, the first day; which is supposed by some to have been substituted for the seventh day, and to have drawn to itself, in some way, the sacredness of its predecessor.

The attempt to close the fair on Sunday is essentially a religious movement. The Rev. Dr. Crafts, while addressing the Knights of Labor in Indianapolis, was asked if a day of rest could not be secured to the working classes, without reference to religion. His reply was: "If you take religion out of the day, you take the rest out." Nine-tenths of all that is said or written on that side of the question is of a religious character. Examine the petitions on file in favor of

Sunday closing of the fair, and you will find that while something is said occasionally about a civil rest-day, the petitions themselves are based invariably upon the sacredness of the day. It is even admitted, substantially, by some of those supporting the petitions, that the Sabbath-day as a rest-day has no foundation in nature. For instance, the Rev. Dr. Stevens, a bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, in his letter accompanying the petitions, says the history of nations who have no Sabbath show that it is not necessary to physical well-being. He thinks the rest-day a blessing, but goes on to point out that the blessing is of a religious character. The reverend gentleman is quite right when he says the Sabbath is not necessary to physical well-being. Especially is it not necessary now, when laborers work but eight hours a day. Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for leisure, for meals and mental improvement, and what need of a Sabbath? The sum and substance of all is, that Sunday closing would give the people a chance to go to church and listen to the sermons. But they would rather go to the fair.

It is a religious question and a religious movement. But religious legislation and religious regulations in conducting a great public enterprise like this, are alike contrary to the genius of our institutions.

There is one reason why the World's Fair should be open on Sunday which we think conclusive—that is, because it is to be a world's fair. It is not a national enterprise merely, but an international one as well. All the nations of the earth have been asked to participate. And my friend Bonney says that in his outside religious congress all the religions of the earth can be represented, and their advocates can be heard upon any point wherein their religion agrees with the Christian religion.

This being, then, a fair in which all the world is to participate, how does the matter stand?

Even if we were to admit—which we do not—that a majority of the people of this country are in favor of Sunday closing; and if we were to admit further—which we do not—that the majority of the people of Great Britain are in favor of Sunday closing, still that would not be sufficient. The entire population of the United States and Great Britain is less than a hundred millions, while the population of the world is over fourteen hundred millions. What right have the 100,000,000 to ask the 1,300,000,000 to conform to one of their religious customs? When an American visits Rome and goes into the great cathedral, he is not obliged to kiss the pope's toe, nor the brass toe of the marble St. Peter.

Only the English and the few American exhibits were closed on Sunday at the Paris exhibition. The Continental Sunday is very different from the puritan. The Russians are a very religious people, and a Christian people, and yet, in St. Petersburg, not only are places of business open on Sundays, but the public works go on as usual.

Again, even if we were to admit that the sanctity of the Christian religion—which we do not, by any means, since three-fourths of the Christian world do not believe in it—still, the argument for Sunday closing would be insufficient. The total number of nominal Christians—counting all the inhabitants of a country as believers in the prevailing religion—is, it is true, something over 400,000,000; but the number of believers in other religions is over 500,000,000. What right has the one-third to impose its religious observances upon the two-thirds? Especially in face of the solemn declaration made by this nation in one of its foreign treaties that "The Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."

At the conclusion of Mr. Waite's remarks he read the following resolutions, which he said would be voted on at the close of the meeting:

Whereas, The Government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded upon the Christian religion, or in any way connected therewith, but, on the contrary, it was the determination of the fathers of the republic that church and State should be kept forever separate, a determination which has been sanctioned by the statesmen who have followed them, and which patriotic citizens should now unite in carrying out; and

Whereas, The coming exhibition, so far as it is national in its character, should be regulated in its management by these principles; and

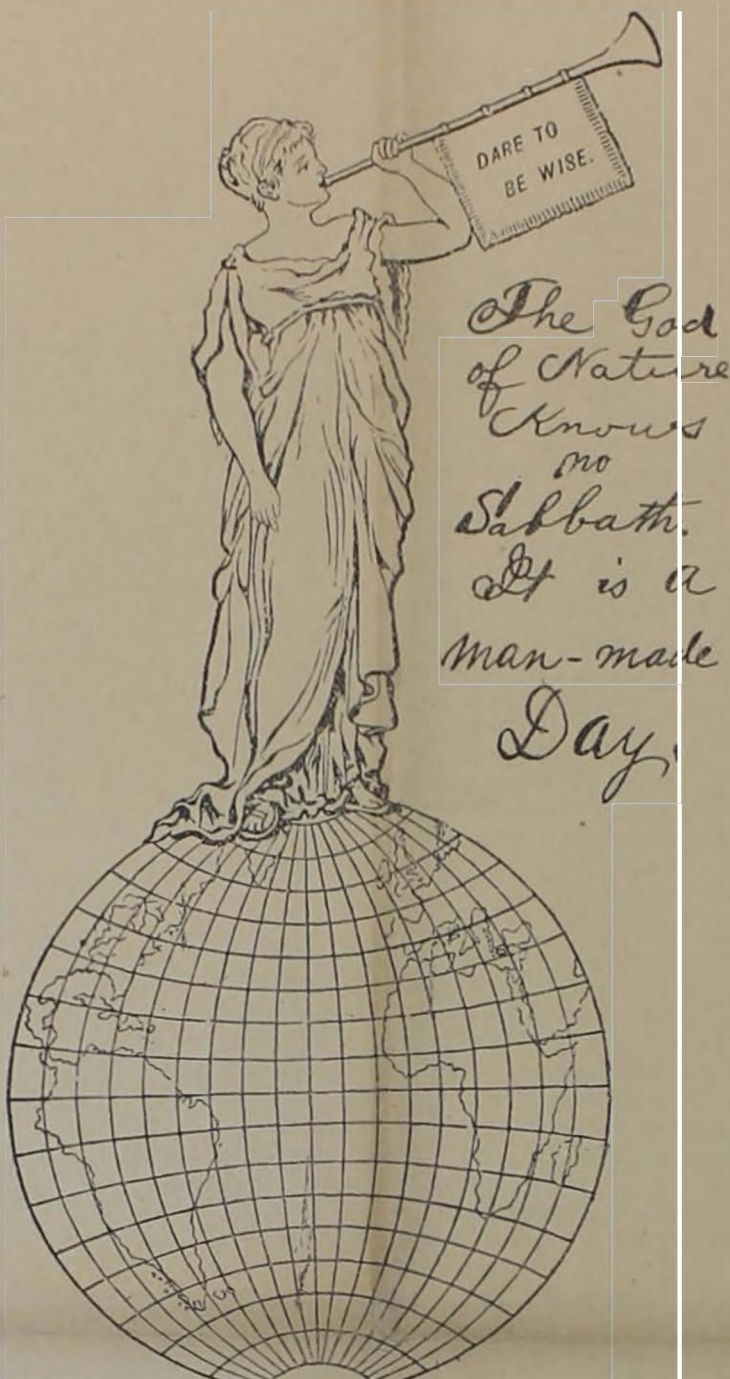
Whereas, The fair is to be not only national but international, all nations having been invited to participate in it; and

Whereas, It would be manifestly improper and unjust that the visitors, representing, as they will, all the religions of the world, should be required to conform to religious customs or observances in which so many of them do not believe; therefore

Resolved, That the World's Fair should remain open on Sunday, as well as on the other days of the week.

Another outburst of applause that sufficiently denoted the result of the ballot that was to come followed, and then B. F. Underwood, the eminent liberal writer and thinker, was introduced. Mr. Underwood spoke as follows:

The World's Columbian Exposition will be a grand display of works of science and art, of the products of genius, skill and industry, of the achievements of the civilized nations of the



Important Petition.

IT SHOULD BE NICELY COPIED AND CIRCULATED FOR SIGNATURES.

To the Honorable the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition:

The undersigned PETITIONERS respectfully represent:

That it is not in accordance with the principles upon which our Government was founded, that any peculiar religious views, customs or observances should be introduced either into our legislation or into the management of any national or public enterprise; also, that the World's Fair, being not only a public enterprise, but one in which all the nations of the earth—people embracing all the religions of the world—are to be represented, it would be unjust to enforce observance of a religious custom in which multitudes in attendance would not believe.

Therefore we respectfully request of your honorable body to KEEP THE WORLD'S FAIR OPEN ON ALL THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

earth, showing the objective results of the human intellect, and suggesting its still greater potential capacities to be exerted in the future of the race. What valid object can be urged against opening such an instructive exhibition on Sunday, the day on which multitudes who toil six days of the week can receive the educational benefit of the object lesson the exhibition will teach without loss of working time or wages? In a city where thousands of liquor saloons are vying with one another by ingenious and seductive methods in attracting patrons, will not an open fair on Sunday serve the purpose of a counter-attraction, and thus have a preventive moral effect as well as a positive educational value? Those who work six days of the week need a day of relaxation, recreation and rest; but the rest that is needed is not entire idleness; it is rather such as is afforded by enjoyments which bring into exercise the powers and faculties that have been but little used during the week, while leaving unemployed those which have been overtaxed by hard or exacting labor to recover their natural tone and vigor. Can any day be too holy for such rest? The very idea of a holy day is absurd; for holiness is not an attribute of time, but of intelligent beings. It is we, not days, that are holy or unholy.

Leaving other speakers to discuss the questions whether the interests of social order, and the rights of manual labor, require that the exposition be closed on Sunday, I will notice the assumptions of the Protestant clergy, that the exposition should not be open on that day because it is the Christian Sabbath, and because the United States, being a Christian nation, should enforce the observance of Sunday by legal prohibition of secular work and amusements.

The fact is Sabbath observance was never enjoined by Jesus. He broke the Sabbath of his time, for which the Jews sought to kill him. When rebuked for working on the Sabbath he replied: "My Father worketh hitherto (down to this time always) and I work," thus taking away the basis of the Jewish Sabbath as an ordinance founded upon God's rest from his work. Paul was emphatic in denying the obligation to observe Sabbath days. Read his epistle to the Romans and Colossians. There is not a word in the New Testament which so much as intimates that the first day of the week should be observed as the Sabbath. Rev. Samuel J. Hay was justified in saying: "It is little better than a fraud to give the name of Sabbath in any case to the first day of the week." The early Christians had different days for regular meetings. The Hebrew Christians met on Saturday. Some of the churches held their meetings on the fourth day of the week, on which Christ was betrayed; others on the sixth day, the day of the crucifixion. None of these days were observed as the Sabbath. None of the early Christian fathers regarded any Sabbath as obligatory upon them. Justin Martyr, about the year 160 A. D., in his "Dialogue with Trypho, the Jew," wrote: "You see that the elements are never idle and keep no Sabbath. There was no need of the observances of the Sabbaths before Moses, neither now is there any need of them after Jesus Christ." For more than three centuries there was no claim made that there was any divine command for observing the first day of the week. Today the Catholics claim that Sunday is a day set apart by the church, like Easter and Epiphany, for religious observance.

The Pagans before the Christian era had many days for festive or festival. Sunday was a great festival day, with religious observances, from the remotest antiquity. In the year 321 A. D., Constantine issued a decree making Sunday a legal institution. At this time Wednesday and Friday—a part of each day—were observed as fasts; Saturday in the eastern church as a festival, in the western church as a fast, while in the western church Sunday was the joyful festival. The Pagans were familiar, in their way, with Sunday observances. Constantine shrewdly decreed: "Let all judges and all city people and all tradesmen rest upon the venerable day of the sun;" those living in the country were permitted to sow their grain and plant vines. Thus the "venerable day of the sun," the day of the sun-god Apollo, Constantine's patron deity, was made a legal institution, but with no reference to its observance as a Sabbath or Christian ordinance. The day following, the emperor issued another edict to the effect that in case of a public calamity, the soothsayers were to consult the gods and learn the cause of their anger. From now on the Catholic conception of Sunday prevailed. Early in the seventeenth century the English and Scotch Puritans united against pre-lacy. Among the doctrines which the assembly of divines that met at Westminster enunciated was this: That God appointed the first day of the week to be, from the resurrection to the end of the world, the Christian Sabbath. This dogma, without any foundation in Scripture or reason, was imposed upon the people of the British Isles by acts of Parliament. This Sunday falsehood and imposition was opposed by the continental reformers Calvin, Luther, Erasmus, Bucer, Zwingle, Melancthon, and others, hence the present "Continental Sunday." The first settlers of the thirteen colonies were mostly from England, Scotland and North Ireland. They brought with them Puritanical ideas in regard to Sunday, which were naturally incorporated into colonial legislation, and such laws in the old States have, in spite of the secular character of the national Constitution, made Sabbath-breaking a crime, and interfered with personal rights and religious liberty.

Sabbath-breaking, we have been taught to believe, excites the special displeasure of heaven—displeasure so great that omnipotence cannot wait for punishment to follow, as in the case of theft or murder, but in hot wrath often kills the offender by lightning, by capsizing excursion boats on the water, by pestilence and plague, by flood and flame. Why this greater impatience with violators of the fourth commandment, which Jesus violated habitually, than with those against crimes which Jesus denounced? Is it because, as William Lloyd Garrison more than forty years ago said, the clergy depend upon the alleged sanctity of Sunday and its rigid observance for their employment, remuneration, influence and power? The Catholic clergy are more reasonable on this subject than the orthodox Protestant clergy, who are doing all they can to establish Sunday as a national religious institution in this country, where are Jews, Seventh-Day Baptists and Adventists, Mohammedans and freethinkers, whose rights are equal to those of Presbyterians. George Washington in 1789, in reply to the Presbyterians of Massachusetts and New Hampshire complaining that the word God had been omitted from the national Constitution, distinctly stated that the acknowledgment of God was omitted from that document "because it belonged to the churches and not to the State." The treaty early adopted between the United States and Tripoli recites in the eleventh article as a reason why harmony with that Mohammedan country could be preserved, that the "government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." This treaty became, of course, part of the organic law of the land.

There is nothing in the constitution of man, nothing in the Christian scriptures, nothing in the government of the United States which affords any rational ground whatever for the zealous efforts now being made to influence the commissioners against keeping the World's Columbian Exposition open on Sunday. To a day of rest and recreation no one objects, but while all have the right to worship as they see fit on Sunday and all other days, the government cannot consistently or wisely legislate in regard to a Sabbath, a religious day, and the people should not be deprived of the opportunity of visiting the fair on Sunday, because the clergy and many of their followers want the day given to religious service. In the words of Grant: "Keep the Church and State forever separate."

The next speaker was Mrs. Corinne S. Brown, whose remarks, incisive, logical, and sarcastic occasionally, were received with frequent expressions of approval by the audience. Mrs. Brown said:

One of the most significant points in the discussion of the question of opening the World's Fair on Sunday is the fact that both sides want it their way for the good of the workingmen, so important have the workingmen become. Another point is that neither side seems to think that the workingmen are able to declare for themselves whether they wish it closed or opened. So incapable as well as important do they seem to be, why do they seem to be incapable, and why are they important? They prove him incapable because on election day he either jumps to the call of the Democratic whip or dances to the sound of the Republican whistle and supports the tools of the very men who are grinding out their lives. He is important because the possibility exists that he may learn better—may learn to unite and demand through legislation the relief he needs.

But, laying this aside, I, too, am an advocate of opening the World's Fair on every day—aye, and all night, if possible. I would speak for a class of working people. But they are a class who cannot speak for themselves—a class who work from Monday morning till Saturday night—ten hours a day—many of them work on Sunday, and at times until 10 and 12 at night, for \$1 and \$2 a day; a class whose hollow cheeks, tired eyes and lagging footsteps cry to all humanity for justice; a class who are neglected most by the very ones who profess to follow one who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Yes, friends, I speak for the children, who, to the shame of society, are forced to earn their own living. There are 20,000 of them in Chicago fourteen years old and under, wearing their fingers to the bone pulling out basting threads, poisoning their lives stripping tobacco, running their feet off on errands, standing on hot bricks chipping off sausage meat, perched on high platforms in the hottest air of the store, taking parcels out of a basket and putting goods in one, standing in cold draughts opening and shutting doors, having their senses pounded out by the noise and buzzing of machinery. The future of civilization depends on these children, and how are they to see the Fair if not on Sunday? These people, who for the glory of God would consecrate one day in the week to the darkness of ignorance, should create a fund for the purpose of enabling every child who earns his bread to go inside the gates on Sundays, and not on one Sunday, but on every Sunday—the whole 20,000 of them.

That is enough for a fair-sized city, 20,000. Shall the World's Fair come here and they not have the advantage of it? They might as well live at the North Pole. I know of people who are planning to come to Chicago at that time to spend every day of the six

Continued on fifth page.

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

(The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from Spirit-life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and were all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under impression, and perfectly passive to the influence. He was fully conscious at the time, but like a faithful amanuensis recorded the facts, ideas and expressions of the controlling intelligence as if he had been writing under the direction of a mortal, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.)

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that, as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merits alone, and not by the credit of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Illustrations*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were all withheld.)

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the sundry scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and aid it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.]

Meaning of the Term Spirit-Life.

We will explain the meaning of the term Spirit-life. This form is often used to express the idea of a future state of existence, and in this sense it is strictly true, for the spirit has a life of its own in the future; but it is not strictly correct to employ the term in this limited sense, for the spirit has a life of its own while it is in the body. The latter is a dense organism of matter, having form and organs of sense—having all the faculties of intelligence and perception, and it embodies the spirit in its covering. It is, however, only the outward shell, while the precious jewel is within. There the spirit lives while on earth a life of varied experience. It gives the aspiration to all that is beautiful, to all that is useful, to all that is elevating in human character. When the eye sparkles, when the voice trembles, when the hand fashions the machine, the statue or the picture, and when the discoveries that astonish and bless mankind are revealed, it is the spirit that inspires all—that delineates all. It is the spirit of the artist, of the orator, of the musician that makes beautiful things and thrilling melody. It is the grand power of the inventor, and the chief source of the explorer.

It is the spirit of the man that makes his character, and develops his intellect. Spirit-life may, therefore, be applied to this as well as to the future life, for it performs and lives a great and useful career on the earth-plane.

When we contemplate the enormous work that the spirit has performed we may feel astonished at its capacity. It not only gives man his ambition and love of the beautiful, but it endows him with the will to accomplish all the noble works that make what we call civilization. There is no object of value that does not have its first model in its thought. We often see a man who furnishes some design that pleases and surprises us; it comes from his spirit. We look upon some of those gigantic structures that he has erected in the industrial world, and we exclaim this is, indeed, the work of a demi-god; or we behold the wonderful things he has done in the way of navigation and think that his genius is almost superhuman. Then consider the great deeds of charity, of humanity, that every now and then illustrate the better qualities of our life, and we can have some idea of the extent of spirit influence and power. We talk of the imagination, the judgment, the will, and various other faculties, as if they had an independent existence, and constituted a separate part of our nature, but these are the immortal energies of the spirit, and will go with it after death to live and flourish amid still greater developments of its unfolding grandeur.

ILLUSTRATION.

There is a wide difference in the experience of spirit-life. One can see what another does not observe, and feel the influence of conditions that are unknown to others. It is this variety of impressions that affords so many views, each perfectly correct, though unlike one another. When, therefore, you read accounts coming from several spirit-friends, you must not expect to find a uniformity any more than you would in the description of a human transaction, or of mundane phenomena by many observers. The Spirit-world is full of objects of absorbing interest, and these appeal to the emotions of individuals who speak of them from their own experience. When I was first translated beyond the grave, my impressions were entirely dissimilar to those made upon every other spirit who had preceded me. No one could feel as I did; no one could see or hear as I saw and heard. My experience was, therefore, peculiar to myself. For instance, I did not see or hear anything until several hours after I was conscious of living, and after I could realize that I had passed away from earth. I appeared to be perfectly awake, and my inward sense of being was strong and clear. I knew I was in the spirit and had left my body, and I felt a profound sense of rest and repose. I could make no calculation of my position or locality; nor was I able to reason the cause of my blindness or want of hearing. While in this condition I felt that I was being removed, but the means of locomotion was a mystery. The movement ceased and I felt as if stretched upon a bed. I was sensible of a sweet fragrance, and a beautiful feeling came over me that I was not alone. My eyes were opened as if a bandage was removed, and I could see. My ears were opened as if an instrument had been inserted and a solid substance taken out from the passage that admits external sounds. I found myself in a large apartment filled with friends whose joyous exclamations filled the air, and I was treated like a welcome and honored guest. All earthly things had disappeared, and all earthly sounds had ceased. It was a rare experience, I was informed, to be thus brought into spiritual relations at first sight, and to open my eyes

and ears upon the Spirit-world without having gone through the preparatory exercises which usually take place before the spirit leaves the earth-sphere.

I have related this instance of translation for the peculiar circumstances which distinguish it will, perhaps, interest and instruct even those who have made the spiritual phenomena a study.

Walking Down the Hill.

(Last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history is second childishness and mere oblivion.—"As You Like It.")

As the evening shadows lengthen
And go creeping up the wall,
And the scented flowers of summer
By the frosts of autumn fall,
We can note a slackened feeling
In our actions and our will;
And we feel it, yes, we know it—
We are walking down the hill.

Only forty!—I'll admit it,
Yet life has passed its noon;
We'll be groping in our dotage
Oh, so very, very soon.
And the years which lie behind us,
Like the water that's passed the mill,
Can't be called again to duty
As we're walking down the hill.

Only forty! That's the summit,
And the years have flown so fast
That we hardly thought to count them
In their journey to the past.
As we stand here on the life-crest,
I am wondering if we will
Find new flowers along our pathway
As we're walking down the hill.

Only forty! Who'd have thought it?
But our hair is tinged with gray—
Been sprinkled with the time-dust
We have met upon our way.
And since I can't over—
We have drunk from joy's rill,
But will that thought lighten labor
As we're walking down the hill?

Only forty! That's not old,
When we think what we have done—
Standing almost at the point
Where the journey was begun;
And we hear the childish voices,
With their laughter sweet and shrill,
Come as echoes from our childhood
As we're walking down the hill.

As the shadows of our lives
Lengthen out along the way,
I am thinking, what will cheer us
Till the "mists have cleared away?"
And I wonder in my weakness
What lies hidden, silent, still—
Sunny light or gloomy shadows
At the bottom of the hill.

—T. M. Morgan.

Home at Last.

A little child! fair-haired, with wondering eyes,
Passed, through an open door, into the street.
She wandered on, lost in a land of sighs,
And wept, "Is there no rest for weary feet?"
Deep in the dark—a door stood open wide,
A light streamed from it brighter than the day;
A mother's voice kept calling: "Here! Abide!
Come home, my little one! you've lost your way."
Come Home!

A wretched man, forlorn, with matted hair,
Stood in a crowd of soots, more beasts than men;
Deep curses rent the air, and dull despair
Supremely reigned in that accursed den;
But high above its revels rang one sound—
Clearer than sea-bird's over roaring sea—
The voice of wife and woman! "Lost but found!
Come home, my husband! Come! oh! follow me!
Come Home!"

A poor lost soul, cast down with wretchedness;
Pale death was ringing out his fatal knell;
No one to pity; no one there to bless
The parting hour of one who loved too well.
Then suddenly a voice—"Oh! which is best?
To live or die? Ever to slink or sigh?"
This voice eternal whispered "Come and rest!
Come home, sad soul, and rest eternally!
Come Home!"

—Clement Scott.

Education and Ethics.

The Editor's Table in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March, contains the following on Education and Ethics:

"From the side of religion many protests have been made against the present system of popular education. The clergy of the different churches cannot help thinking that at least the more important doctrines of the Christian faith should be officially taught; and they draw most discouraging pictures of what the moral future of the youth of this country will be if their counsels are not heeded. All sound and successful moral teaching, they contend, must repose upon a basis of theology, and to confine ethical teaching to the region of the natural is to deprive it of all warrant, of all authority, of all coercive power. If these views were correct, it would be difficult to see how the weakness of our schools on the moral side could ever be remedied; for nothing is more certain than that any attempt to teach theology in them would be predestined failure. The people (or some people) will pay for theology in the pulpit, but they are not willing to pay for it in the schools, and have shown in most unmistakable ways that they do not want it there. The question, then, is: Shall all attempts at moral teaching in the public school be abandoned, seeing that it cannot be administered as an adjunct of theology, or shall a brave effort be made to give it an independent status of its own and a fair chance to show what it can accomplish when conducted on purely natural lines." The *Popular Science Monthly* is the leading scientific journal of this country. Terms: \$5 per year; single number, 50 cents. Address D. Appleton & Co., 5 Bond St., New York.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only Spiritualist paper sustained on its merits. It does not force into its pages ten or fifteen columns of advertisements, which are of no general interest, but furnishes in their place entertaining reading matter. Aid us by sending in an additional subscriber. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Dr. Dawson Burns, the English physician who annually promulgates a letter on drink consumption in Great Britain, says the yearly expenditure per head of that population, counting children, is 70 shillings, and that figures show a growth in the drink habit, but at a slower rate than formerly.

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

Sensational Manifestations in the Village of Horseheads.

Was Not Mortal Hands

THAT SET THE ROLLER IN MOTION AND MADE THE STEEL FINGERS EMIT THE "BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND," THE FAVORITE AIR OF LOVELY ISABEL RYANT, WHO LAY DEAD IN THE ROOM—IT WAS NO FAKE SAY HONORABLE WITNESSES TO THE SINGULAR MANIFESTATION.

TO THE EDITOR:—Wonders never cease! It appears from the *Telegram* of Elmira, N. Y., that Horseheads Spiritualists, and there are quite a number of them, are discussing a remarkable manifestation that recently occurred in that village. The student in supernormal and psychical science has also in the peculiar manifestation a rare opportunity to discover cause and effect of something truly wonderful, startling and defying all mechanical laws. In starting out to describe the manifestation it will be well enough to state that the witnesses to the manifestation are not Spiritualists, but belong to good families whose evidence before a court of law could not be impeached, and whose veracity in private life has never been questioned. While the *Telegram* does not say that the manifestation was actually caused by invisible hands or spirits from the other world, yet the entire affair is so strange and inexplicable that it puzzles the most acute thinker, and no one who has heard the story has as yet been able to in any manner clear the profound mystery that hangs about the manifestation. The parties who witnessed it being trustworthy and truthful, their story of the affair must be given credence, for they certainly saw and heard what they related to a *Telegram* reporter. The story is as follows:

Mrs. Ryant is the widow of the late C. W. Ryant, who was once proprietor of the Ryant house in the village of Horseheads. When he died he left his family well off in this world's goods, having in his life erected a handsome business block in the main street of the village which bears his name. The Ryant home, also located in the main street of the village, adjoining the Episcopal church, is an elegant one.

HERE THE WIDOW RESIDED

with her children until the messenger of death came and took her loved ones to a world where no sorrow nor pain ever comes. Mrs. Ryant is an intelligent woman, not in the least superstitious, living only in the love of her children and the memory of a beloved husband who had passed over to a land of peace and rest. Four years ago her son was taken from her, and four months ago her son-in-law, Professor A. P. Nichols, died, and only last week the remains of his lovely wife, Isabel, were consigned to the grave. Just before Mrs. Nichols died, and as her mother was bending tenderly over her and whispering comfort in her dying moments, Mrs. Ryant said to her, "Belle, if such a thing is possible, after you are dead will you manifest to me in some way that I can recognize that you live again?" The daughter promised to do so, and in a few moments went into the dreamless sleep called death. Mrs. Nichols' death occurred on Monday, February 8, and the following Saturday, while Mrs. Ryant and her niece, Miss Gardiner, were bending over the casket, taking a last look at the face of the dead, there suddenly came from a music-box, which had been placed upon a stand in the corner of the parlor, the air of "Blue Bells of Scotland." It played loud and strong, yet with a peculiar sweetness never heard before, as if angel hands had touched the steel fingers of the instrument. Suddenly the music of "Blue Bells" ceased and the air of "Grandfather's Clock" was heard. Mrs. Ryant was shocked and so were a number of friends in the house who heard the music. This strange manifestation, not caused by human hands, performed these impossibilities: First, the box had not been wound in three years; second, the air of "Blue Bells" was No. 5 on the card, the "Turkish Reveille" next in succession, which was an impossible mechanical movement, as the steel comb and roll of the instrument are impacted together so that the

TUNES OR AIRS MUST FOLLOW

each other in succession or defy mechanical laws. Third, no one had touched the instrument in three years, and the clutches were found to be intact and the spring that impels the roller was unwound. Consequently human agencies were not concerned in starting the instrument, and there was an absence of the usual whirring noise made by the fan regulator. The parties in the room, or near by, who heard the music were Mrs. C. W. Ryant, Miss Gardiner, Mrs. McHenry, Mrs. Wilcox, and Mrs. Wright, all respectable ladies, and belonging to Horsehead's best families. A *Telegram* reporter called at Mrs. Ryant's residence Wednesday and that lady had no hesitation in stating the facts, which were corroborated by Miss Gardiner. The position of the coffin with a pillar of roses, and a large picture of Mrs. Ryant's son were shown. The coffin was about six feet away from the location of the music-box, which was placed upon a small table of unique design. Upon the top of the box a Dresden scent-jar rested. The levers that start the mechanism of the instrument were still clutched, the lid of the box not having been opened, until the reporter called, since the funeral. The airs were placarded and numbered as follows: "Blue Bells of Scotland," 5; "Turkish Reveille," 6; and "Grandfather's Clock," 7. In connection with this remarkable and truly wonderful manifestation, Mrs. Ryant stated that on the afternoon of January 21, the box performed a similar manifestation, playing the "Blue Bells of Scotland" and stopping short on that air. It started when no one was within the room and when examined was found to be unwound as in the last manifestation when Mrs. Nichols lay dead in the room. There was no possible collusion of outside parties. None of

the family were Spiritualists, as before stated, neither were they in the least superstitious, and the box itself Mrs. Nichols would not allow to be played, as she said she hated it, with the exception of the "Blue Bells," that was her favorite tune, but it always, when played, affected her to tears. Neither Mrs. Ryant nor Miss Gardiner would admit they thought that the music had been set in motion by "spirits who sit in foggy clouds," or swim in the vasty deep, but they thought the manifestation remarkable, and Mrs. Ryant believes that it was performed in answer to the death-bed query: "If you live again, let me know?" The whole affair is "beyond the reaches of our souls," as Hamlet says. At no other time during the past three years has the instrument responded to the touch of either human or invisible hands. One thing about the unwound performance was that the box, being about a third size, was ordinarily very low and sweet, but on this occasion, in addition to giving forth sweet sounds, every room in the house was completely filled with the music. The *Telegram* scribe called on Mr. Talmage, the village druggist. Mr. Talmage is a broad-minded, conscientious, truthful man, whose word is as good as gold, and he is respected by every man, woman and child in the city. Mr. Talmage is a Spiritualist, and, of course, believes in materialization in certain forms of those who have passed beyond this vale of tears. He said he had every reason to believe that the manifestation, strange and inexplicable as it appeared to those who were present and heard it, was caused by a spirit of the dead, possibly Mrs. Ryant. The ladies who heard it were excited, to be sure, but no one who knew them doubted the truth of what they related about the occurrence. Mr. Talmage said he had often had warnings from his medium of disasters. Ten days previous to the explosion and burning of the oil tanks at West Junction it came to him in the shape of a pillar of fire rising to the height of several hundred feet, the light gradually softening as it reached the zenith. Ten days previous to the death of Jacob Schwartz he had been warned of the death of one of the most distinguished lawyers of this county, and in his own case he had been warned of an accident which he endeavored to prevent but did not succeed in doing. Mr. Talmage said there were quite a number of Spiritualists in Horseheads, but none were of the number who heard the music at Mrs. Ryant's home. Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. McHenry were out of the village, so that their testimony

COULD NOT BE OBTAINED,

but a number of their friends stated to the *Telegram* representative that they would be willing to make an affidavit to the truth of what they did hear. A number of disinterested citizens were also interviewed and each expressed their belief that the music-box did play the airs mentioned, but they could offer no explanation as to the cause. The manifestation took place; there can be no doubt of that. What caused it is a mystery that may never be unraveled. As there was no attempt ever made in the Ryant home to introduce mediums or tests; as the manifestation occurred in the broad light of day while friends were weeping over the remains of a lovely Christian woman, trickery or collusion with any agency, either temporal or spiritual, cannot be charged. The only theory that can be formed outside of the spiritualistic belief may be discovered in the mesmeric current or the impregnation of this fluid with the instrument the same as in planchette and other phenomena, the cause of which are attributed to the electric current of the body passing through conductors and directing action steered by thought or the mind. There's a little poem beginning with the following lines, that best expresses the situation from the psychical standpoint:

"Oh, ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

Wonders almost incredible have been performed through spiritual agencies, but the Horseheads manifestation, defying mechanical laws, is about as wonderful as has been heard of lately. It has set spiritual circles a-talking and amazed and puzzled the unorthodox in such affairs. The stopping of a clock or watch at the moment of the owner's death; the neighing of a favorite horse or the howl of a pet dog have been often noted, but the playing of a music-box, in which the motive power had been exhausted for three years, and the subsequent skip of a whole tune before again sounding a note on a new air, is a conundrum that some one who knows it all can have liberty to explain in the *Telegram's* columns.

Elmira, N. Y.

Seeking the Light.

A rose-tree climbed by the window side,
Coronaded over with green;
And ambient kisses of sunlit May,
And crystal dew-drops at the close of day
Wooded the pearly buds that, folded, hide
The crown of the summer's queen.

Under the floor so damp and cold,
Under the floor in the earth and mould,
A strong root ran that felt the life
Of the outside world with beauty rife;
And it pushed a tendril up to see
If any chance of growth could be.
Not a glint was there of sun or dew,
Not a gleam of light the darkness through;
But cobwebs and clay, and pebbles and dust;
It must grow through these, if grow it must.

The roses bloomed by the window side,
Creamy and sweet and fair—
The royal crowns of a royal June—
The gold of a summer's golden noon:
Cups of the gods, distilling wide
Ambrosia on the air.

Up through the steps of stone so cold—
Up through the steps a tale was told
Of life that would live because it must,
Of life and growth in darkness and dust;
For a green leaf smiled at the blossoms rare
Showering their glory everywhere;
And more to me than the roses' gold
Was the wealth of praise one leaf could hold.
Ah, leaf so brave, how many there be
In human life, seeking life like thee!

—Our Continent.

Notes from California.

TO THE EDITOR:—Again I am down by the sea in Southern California; am visiting the spiritual colony Summerland. I arrived here Thursday evening. I find a steady growth of development in every department here. The society is flourishing; it is called the "Summerland Spiritual Association," incorporated under the State law. Prof. Loveland is the President and speaker. He is the same calm, clear-headed, clear-minded, intellectual speaker as of old.

There are many mediums here. Henry B. Allen is one of the finest for psychical powers on this coast.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the paper here. I chanced to hear a person say: "I could not get along without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER." One gentleman said in my hearing: "The new dress of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER makes it a beauty, and it contains all the reading matter concerning spiritual lore that one needs. It is newsy, logical, unbiased, to the point, and full of intellect from the best of writers. Bro. Francis will send the glad tidings to all! Long may he live in this incarnation to bless humanity."

The *Summerland* is a pretty little paper, published here, which shows enterprise in its proprietor, with the odds against him. It always contains well-written articles from excellent writers. The editorials are good, and its editor a gentleman.

Santa Barbara, five miles away, has many Spiritualists and a good society. I have a cottage here, and together with a fraternal sister, we are rusticating amid nature's sweetest and most beautiful treasures. The sea is within a stone's throw of us, and breaks gently on the shore with a ceaseless song of praise. As gaze from the window on the varied-colored waters, reflecting the sky and its sunlit clouds, I see a flock of sea birds settling down upon the waves that rock them gently and lovingly, and I must break out in song:

Oh! thou beautiful, fathomless Ocean,
So peaceful and calm in thy pride,
On thy bosom the sea-bird is floating,
The white and the black, side by side.

A white sail is just in the distance,
Its outlines I scarcely can trace.
For the sun in his mantle of glory
Is kissing the smile on thy face.

We are protected from the weather of old ocean by three islands about thirty miles from shore. One is over fifty miles long, I am told. It is called "Santa Cruz;" another is called "San Magall;" the third—I have not learned its name; they are all under high cultivation. One is a sheep ranch. The Santazooey (the y silent) mountains are back, and tower in their grandeur to the blue vault of heaven, their undulating coloring of purple, blue, green, yellow and red, making them ever a beauty to feast the eye upon. They protect from the north winds and cold blasts, and keep the valleys warm, which promotes a rapid growth of luxuriant fruit and flowers. The orange, lemon, and other tropics are ripe and luscious here, while you, just over the rocks, are shivering amid snow and ice. Tourists are here and there, enjoying our lovely climate.

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Summerland, Cal., Feb. 13, 1892.

Progress of the I. S. S. A.

The Illinois State Spiritualist Association has organized a Lyceum and Ladies Aid Society. The Lyceum was organized Feb. 21, 1892. The object of the Lyceum is the promotion of truth, justice, fraternal love, purity, philosophy and spirituality. The following officers were elected: Cora E. Wilson, Conductor, Treasurer and Secretary; Mrs. R. Squires, Assistant; Mrs. Jennie Ehrhardt, Guardian; Mrs. Wagner, Assistant; Mr. G. L. S. Jenifer, Librarian; Alice Jenifer, Musical Director; Mr. Brown, Mr. Snyder, Guards; Mrs. D. Bruce, Leader in Physical Development; Cora E. Wilson, Mrs. J. Ehrhardt, Mrs. Squires, Mrs. D. Bruce, Mrs. Wagner, Developing Class; Mrs. Johnson, Children's Class; Miss Bruce, O. S. Johnson, Collectors; Executive Board, Cora E. Wilson, Mrs. J. Ehrhardt, Mr. Jenifer. The Executive Board and Assistants, Guards and Leaders constitute a Board of Managers. The Lyceum was dedicated by Cora E. Wilson Feb. 28, who delivered a very entertaining address.

The Young People's Lyceum opens at 1:30 p.m. every Sunday. All are cordially invited.

A Ladies' Aid Society was organized Feb. 25, 1892, by the members of the I. S. S. A., at the residence of Mr. Jenifer, the President of the Association, 220 W. Monroe St. At its regular Thursday evening business meeting the following officers were elected: Mrs. Calkins, President; Mrs. Tritt, Vice-President; Cora E. Wilson, Secretary; Mrs. D. Bruce, Treasurer. The first business meeting was held at the President's, 87 S. Morgan St., at 2 p.m., with officers in their chairs. The above officers, with Mrs. C. Hinchey, were elected for the Executive Board. All cases of destitution known to the public, please report to Mr. Jenifer, 220 W. Monroe St., who will report to the society. It was resolved to appoint a committee of two to investigate all who ask for aid, and to help those who prove worthy of charity; and each officer and member of this society is requested to do all in his power to aid the poor, sick and sorrowing.

The first Sewing Circle will meet at Mrs. Jenifer's, 220 W. Monroe St., Tuesday, Mar. 15, the ladies at 2 p.m., gentlemen invited in the evening to help pass a social time. Tests will be given, and many different ways to make the evening enjoyable to all who come. All are invited and will be welcome.

SECRETARY.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hall; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

"Immortality," A Poem, in five cantos. "If a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of *Voices*. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

The New Interpretation of the Bible

In the PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Feb. 27 I notice that R. Spaulding furnishes an extract showing the opinion of Josephus regarding this extraordinary "woman," which the Bible does not call a "witch," this having resulted from the stupidity of the editor or translators who wrote the headlines of the chapter. Now, the definitions of words as understood by the ancients is necessary to be learned before it is possible to understand the meaning of the sentence. Therefore, I invite attention to the meaning of the names of a few of the characters who play their parts in this beautiful allegory.

"Saul," in the Hebrew, means death, or hell, or the grave, or winter, or demanded, or sepulcher, or lent, or ditch; for every noun and verb in that jargon, erroneously called a "language," had a great variety of significations, often self-contradictory. Winter was the beggar, the asker, the receiver.

"David" means the lover, the beloved, the giver, the summer, etc.

"Samuel" means heard of God, or asked of God, or earth at the vernal equinox, where Samuel died and was buried, where the Jewish ecclesiastic year always began and does to this day, the civil year beginning at the autumnal equinox.

"En-dor" means fount of the dwelling place, or the last summer constellation, or Virgo, the virgin, the heroine of every religion down to the Mohammedan.

Winter ended at the vernal equinox, and it was there that summer began. Saul, or winter, arrives there and finds David with the Philistines (those that dwell in villages, or summer constellations) gathered to meet him, "and he was afraid." He wanted a fortune teller to advise him, but he had "put away those that had familiar spirits and the wizards, out of the land." That is, Virgo had set the previous year, just as Aries, the harbinger of summer, rose in the east with the sun. But now, at the vernal equinox, where winter must end, Virgo was visible; for the first point of this constellation is distant from Aries 150 degrees and the last point 180 degrees.

"Saul disguised himself." This is a very pretty conception on the part of the author, for winter moderates as the sun approaches the vernal equinox, about March 21, and is not at all like the winter in January. So it is no wonder the old woman of En-dor did not know him. But when Aries rose with the sun she knew the end of winter was at hand; that is, knew Saul, which means the five winter months, or the brethren of the rich man in hell. Saul asked her what she saw, and she replied: "I saw gods [Elohim in the Hebrew, and the very word which is translated God, as the God of the Bible] ascending out of the earth."

At the vernal equinox the sun enters Aries, and the two together, sun and Aries, are Elohim in the plural number, or "gods," for *im*, added to the singular, forms the plural in Hebrew; thus, *cherub*, a bull; *cherubim*, bulls. Therefore, as Virgo was setting in the west she saw the "gods," sun and Aries, rising out of the earth, or Ramah, where Samuel was buried.

During winter the earth may be said to be "dead," but is revived at each coming spring, so beautifully described by Pope:

See through this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth.

So Virgo raised Samuel from the dead, for as she sets in the west, up comes the sun and Aries in the east, the signal for the death of Saul, or end of winter. Saul complained to Samuel that the Lord had departed from him; that is, the cold, the spirit of winter; even Jack Frost would not answer when he called. The earth in spring putting on her beautiful garments of green, now informs winter that its last hour is at hand. Once more the battle has been fought between heat and cold, light and darkness, and once more cold and darkness have been conquered.

"Then Saul fell straightway all along on the earth, and was sore afraid because of the words of Samuel; and there was no strength in him [of course not, for cold is the strength of winter]; for he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night." I Sam. xxviii., 20.

The supply of provisions for the winter was often before the sun reached Pisces, the fishes, when the people lived on fish for just forty days before the sun reached the vernal equinox, or Aries, the "Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world," not the sins of the people; but the evils of winter. Here was the origin of Lent, or abstaining from meat and living on fish; or often fasting, which is represented by the mythical Jesus, who was interviewed for forty days by the devil in the wilderness. If Jesus was a real person, then the devil must also have been. Therefore, the Christian is logical in his claim for a personal devil; but those who claim Jesus as an entity and Satan as a myth are very unreasonable, for the evidence is the same regarding both—"the Word of God."

I am continually abused for interpreting the Bible as a system of allegories which have their foundation in astronomy and astrology, and because I treat the characters as myths, like the "Goddess of Liberty." In reply I challenge all to a public debate of these questions. During the four months I have been in Chicago, five men have accepted these challenges. One man met me twice; three met me once each, but refused to try a second time, and the last man, after introducing himself, shaking hands and telling me not to be afraid of him, as he would debate with me in two weeks, failed to show up at the time appointed, and I have not heard of him since. Perhaps he strayed away like the asses which Saul went in search of and got lost—two stars in Cancer called the two asses, which figure continually in the Bible. This challenge to debate the Bible or astrology is a standing one to all comers. Wm. Emmett Coleman has attacked me on three different occasions through

the press, but when I challenged him to a public debate, offering to meet him in any city in the United States, he subsided. Probably he was engaged to look for Saul's asses. I have practiced astrology and lectured on the Bible for twenty-five years, and every year am more firmly convinced that I am right.

Although the allegory concerning the woman of En-dor has been explained, I will add a few incidents by way of corroboration.

All the ancient mythologies abound with allegories descriptive of the changes from summer to winter, and winter to summer. Vishnu had a thousand names, and it may be summer and winter had equally as many; but whether more or less, the prominent idea seemed to be that all those names for summer meant heat and light, while those for winter meant cold and darkness. Twice each year these opposing elements made war upon each other, the decisive battles being fought at the two equinoxes. Light always conquered at the vernal equinox, only to be defeated by darkness six months later at the autumnal equinox. "More light!" was the agonized cry of those in the bonds of darkness, or "outer darkness," weeping and gnashing their teeth because they had no food to gnash. True, the sun is darkened during winter by reason of the clouds and storms, but its "fire is never quenched," and the fire of the sun is the only fire that time does not quench.

This interpretation involves no absurdity, whereas the Christian hell, burning the brimstone in a bottomless pit, all in darkness, reminds one of a man going along horseback on a cow, afoot and alone with a jug in the wagon.

Samuel anointed Saul king of winter, well knowing that Saul would be dethroned by the king of summer when the sun reached the spring equinox. David, a mere youth, was chosen king of summer. He was sent to Saul on an ass (the sun while transiting through Cancer, a summer constellation, passes the two asses, "whereon no man ever sat"). Leaving Cancer, the sun transits through Leo, the lion (Hercules), passing a conjunction of Ursa Major, the bear, when both the lion and the bear are invisible, being metaphorically slain. David boasts of these victories, and prepares to meet Goliath (passage, revolution, heap, discovery), the spirit of summer, which can be "laid" only by winter. Therefore, he takes "five smooth stones," symbolical of the five winter months, from the brook, or by metonymy, the zodiac, and kills this giant.

Saul was so delighted with the valor of the beardless youth (the crops were not yet ready for harvest) that he gave him his daughter.

This is very ingenious, depicting the strategies of war. David plays the courtier to Saul, yet means to overcome him in the end; Saul professes to love David, but is jealous of him, and gave him Michal (complete) as a snare; that is, leaving Leo, the sun comes to Virgo, which "completes" the summer. Not much gift about it, however, for Virgo was a summer constellation and belonged to David. King of summer. The strife between Saul and David was descriptive of the struggle between cold and heat. David is conquered when the sun leaves Virgo, and must now flee before Saul till the end of winter, when Saul falls "all along on the earth."

PROF. W. H. CHANEY.
Chicago, Ill., 1220 Lexington St.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

SHALL IT BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM?

From the numerous letters of inquiry received, there appears to be an earnest desire that this story, which has awakened so much attention as it has appeared in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, be issued in book form. I have published several of my last volumes by subscription, allowing subscribers any number of copies they desired, at wholesale prices, or even less, placing the books in their hands at as near cost as possible. This has proved highly satisfactory, and those who wished for the books for themselves, or as gifts to friends, were able to secure two copies instead of one, and a wide and rapid distribution was attained. If the readers of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" are desirous of extending its sphere of usefulness, and think it an efficient means of calling attention to the imminence of the danger threatening national life and liberty, they have only to express themselves by letter or card, and as soon as a sufficient number of copies are subscribed for the book will be placed in the printers' hands. The price to subscribers will be, in paper cover, 25 cts.; 5 copies for \$1.00. Muslin bound, 50 cents. All I ask of those interested is for them to *at once* send their names and number of copies they desire. If the result warrants, they will be notified and may then send the amount of their subscription. Address,
Berlin Heights, O. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Terrible Accident and Death.

On Wednesday, Feb. 17, James L. Kimball, station agent, at West Burke, Vt., 66 years old, was shockingly mangled and instantly killed by the cars through the careless neglect of an employe in not setting the switch as he should have done. Brother Kimball was a veteran Spiritualist, and had become so by scientific and critical investigation. He leaves a wife to whom he was fondly devoted, who mourns her loss in deep sorrow, sustained and supported by her strong faith, belief and knowledge in and of comfort giving philosophy. The funeral was held at his late dwelling, which was filled to overflowing by sympathizing relations and friends. Services were conducted by the Hon. A. E. Stanley, of Leicester, Vt., who had been previously engaged by the deceased. On the arrival of Mrs. Kimball's mother from Boston, Mass., the singular and interesting circumstance of five female representatives of as many generations were seen.

E. B. CLEMENT.
Congressman Johnson, of Indiana, is said to talk at the rate of 280 words a minute.



The Intriguing Jesuits.

THEIR AIMS TO DESTROY JAMES G. BLAINE, OR BRING HIM UNDER THE SUBJECTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

One of the inevitable events produced by our form of Government is the necessity ever coming to our ablest and most noted men, of self-defense from the attacks of any and every cowardly ruffian, or plotting, sneaking assassin, who can master force enough of muscle or low-grade brain to strike from behind, or in the dark, at their gifted victims. The people have been educated to believe that so long as a man is a public servant he is constantly at the bar of public opinion and ignorant criticism, on trial for all he says or does. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER does not concern itself with secular affairs, save when they impinge upon its field; but it believes that a Spiritualist is all the more a patriotic citizen because he is one of the great family of progressive thinkers, who love the truth best, and their country next; because it symbolizes to them the fullness of that truth. A man ceases to be a man, and becomes a coward and a poltroon, who turns his back on his country, and refuses his best efforts on her behalf.

The daily papers are giving in full the details of Hon. James G. Blaine's family matters in regard to the unfortunate connection of James G. Blaine, Jr., with the Romanist-inspired Nevins woman. The boy was the father's Benjamin—loved by both parents, because he was delicate and sensitive, with all the waywardness and faults which Spiritualists know so well as belonging to that class. Under the direction of the Romanist clergy, with what design our readers can imagine, this woman of mature years inveigled this boy in his teens, into a clandestine marriage performed at unseemly hours, by a Romish priest, who had full knowledge that the boy was a minor, and was doing the deed, if not contrary to his father's wishes, at least without his consent. Of this there is abundant testimony.

Those who can read between the lines can see that the Jesuits of this country do not deem it to their interest that a strong man like Blaine should have any chance for the Presidency. He has too much brain of his own. Could they have made terms with him, or had they had the slightest chance of forwarding their infernal machinations, under his administration, old "rum, Romanism and rebellion" Burchard would not have been hypnotized by suggestion to strike at the weary knight in the last hours of that strange campaign. It is a fact that the people every year, in their governmental acts, are becoming more and more the puppets of the "Society of Jesus." Never since the accursed Loyola developed his scheme of propaganda has there been a field so rich, so inviting for this association of demons as America. They do not want Blaine, nor any other progressive-thinking, independent mind for President. Whoever sits in the Presidential chair, henceforth, they intend shall rule by the power of evil and the permission of the Jesuits, as their tool. Every little while, through the blundering of some of the blockheads, whom their "fine-working masters" curse most heartily for their stupidity, some event like this still-letto-stab at Mr. Blaine, so directly traceable to the Holy Church, and the polished arts of Black Magic; or the McCann affair, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, crops out, as bubbles come to the surface of water about to boil, in token of the forces almost ready to burst forth. From the highest to the lowest, no class, age nor sex is free from their machinations. Is character or ability in their way? History tells of Columbus, and hundreds of others, who, sinking into dishonored graves, were under a cloud for years, until the Jesuitical power waned. Were riches employed against them? They are the wealthiest society controlled by one man on the face of the earth. Has a man proved too strong for their merciless onslaughts? Ask for him in the torture chambers of the Inquisition, or at the horrors of the auto-da-fé. All these terrors of the past only remain to be revived, when these "meek and lowly" bloodhounds shall have recovered strength enough to renew the chase of men.

We know we shall be called alarmists! So were the abolitionists of thirty years ago, who saw with prophetic eye, and predicted the coming of the "impending crisis." So have always the prophets of truth, in all ages, when they predicted the outcome in disaster and blood. To-day the Spiritualists stand in battle array over against the Jesuits. There can be no compromise. The former is for the purest and most untrammelled thought for all; with them are joined all who seek honesty, purity and uprightness of purpose, and who hate lies. The Jesuits desire the suppression

of all thought-growth, save as it may be filtered through one mortal mind.

How do you like the picture, progressive thinkers? We wish we could paint it in your hearts, in ineffaceable colors. Are you ready to do battle for your spiritual life and liberty? You may be given the opportunity; if you do not resist with all your might, the insidious approach of these reincarnated devils, who have come back to earth with their souls steeped in the black magic of murderous villainy and untiring, fiendish purpose to conquer. Spiritualism is the champion of altruism. Jesuitism fights the last, desperate battle of concentrated, mean, soulless, malignant selfishness. Mr. Blaine shows most graphically how the insidious Jesuit priest married his son, only a little over seventeen years of age (and then in the hands of a tutor, preparing for college), to a crafty and intriguing woman, in order, no doubt, to either kill the Secretary or bring him in subjection to the Catholic Church.

M. DASH.

"When the Sun Went Down."

THE PROBABLE CONDITION OF AN OLD DEACON.

TO THE EDITOR:—The following explanation of the condition after death may be of interest to some of your readers: It was on Thanksgiving evening, 1883. A select number of kindred souls had dined together, not to be in any way overcome by physical excess, but simply to be comfortable. After dinner they adjourned to the parlor, and, having a sensitive among them, they began to tease for something from the other side—as Spiritualists often will, you know. As they were all intimate friends, the controls of the medium were well known to the little group. Instead, however, of being visited by some old friend, the sensitive began to show signs of the approach of strange and unfamiliar conditions, a state easily recognized by those accustomed to circle work. The medium was distressed and faltering in his utterance. After one or two attempts, came the question in faltering tones:

"Where am I?"
Some one in the company told him he was in Chicago.

"Chicago! but there was no Chicago when the sun went down. Where is Chicago?"

"In Illinois."
Again came the mournful plaint: "There was no Illinois when the sun went down."

By this time the interest and sympathy of the whole company were aroused at the hopeless tone and evidently bewildered condition of the enquiring spirit, and they began to question in their turn:

"Who are you?"
"I am Deacon Adams."

"Where did you leave the body?"
"Do you mean, where was I when the sun went down?"

"Yes; don't you know that you are dead?"

"I began to suspect a little while ago; but all I know is, that I watched the sun go down only just now. It seems like last night; I seemed to have a kind of a stifling dream; I was afraid to move or do anything, lest something bad might happen to me, for I was a good Presbyterian deacon in Connecticut. When the sun went down, I was sure I was of the elect, and most everybody else would burn up in hell fire; but if I am dead I must have made a mistake, for I haven't found anything as I expected."

Again the company questioned: "How long ago was it since you passed on?"

"I don't know; it seems only last night when I saw the sun go down."

It then occurred to some one present to ask who was President when, as he so continually moaned, "the sun went down."

"James Madison was the President."

"Then you have been dead nearly a hundred years," was the comment, from one of the company.

"A hundred years!" It was the turn of the spirit now to be surprised. Again he repeated in the saddest of tones, "A hundred years!"

"How did you get here?" asked some one of the friends.

"I began to kind of wake up like, and then I guessed I might possibly be dead. But I didn't see any heaven, nor Jesus, nor hell, and I was afraid I might get into trouble if I investigated things I didn't know anything about; anyway, that was the advice the preacher used to give us, and I always tried to think it was right. But as soon as I began to move about a little, I saw a faint light, like the daybreak, and I heard a low whisper: 'Go toward that light;' and I felt a hand on my shoulder pushing me gently that way. So I kept moving. The light grew brighter and brighter, until I came to what seemed an open door, and I found myself here. But I had a wife; she went away from me a good many years ago. I would like to find her. I think she could make these things plainer to me. But I didn't think women knew much, and ought not to speak in church, nor have much to say about heavenly things. But I tell you, I have missed her since the sun went down."

Here he bade us good night, the company cordially inviting him to come again. This he did at intervals, for nearly two years, during which time he found his wife, and had perceived the light much more strongly. Can there be conceived a more pitiable plight than that of a poor soul, who by his wilful blindness had so completely destroyed his perceptions, and lost himself in the glorious light that is only light to those who can perceive?

M. DASH.

Mrs. Lizzie Faxon Graves has been appointed Postmistress at East Weymouth, Mass. The salary is \$1,700. Her appointment was made at the request of the citizens generally, and was due to the efficient manner in which, during the last seven years, she has acted as assistant postmistress.

My Own Veritable Dream.

IT KNOCKED ME OUT.

"Some folks don't believe in dreams, but I do," said one of a group of men-about-town who were discussing subjects which treated on the superstitious and spiritualistic, and to the spiritualists and superfine. "I had had dreams and dreams, of course, and had awakened from many glad they were not true, and from many others sorry they were dreams. But that any dream, whatsoever might be its nature, could have any significance beyond the mere fact that it was a dream, I never considered seriously, except in the way of scoffing, until a month ago. Then one night I had a dream. I thought I was walking up Broadway, and suddenly something said to me: 'Say, you'll pick up one-fifth of the money you have in your pockets before you go two blocks.'"

"That was all there was to the dream, and I never thought another thing about it until the next forenoon right on the corner of Twenty-ninth street and Broadway, I saw a bank note tumbling along the sidewalk. I picked it up. It was a twenty-dollar note. Suddenly the dream flashed across my mind. The twenty-dollar note was just one-fifth of the money I already had with me!"

"Well, of course I was a little startled, but passed the matter by as one of the queer coincidences a fellow runs up against once in a while. A week after that I had another dream, and it was exactly the counterpart of the first one. So little impression had the sequence of the first one made on me that this second one passed from my mind and was not recalled to it until, on going up Broadway, I picked up a one-dollar bank note. Then it occurred to me that I had only \$5 with me. I had found the one-fifth of the money I had on my person, as the dream said I would, and I kicked myself for not putting all the money in my pockets I could get hold of before leaving home. Of course this repetition of the dream made quite an impression on me, and when, a week or so later, I had the same dream over again, I didn't forget it next day, and put all the money in my pocket that I had, and I was madder than a setting hen because I had paid out the day before all the money I had available, except \$5—a fifty-dollar note and a five-dollar note. Now, maybe you won't believe it, but as true as I sit here, right on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth street, I headed off a vagrant bank note as it was tumbling down the street before the wind. I picked it up. It was a little, measly one-dollar note.

"Well!" said I, my dream was a trifle off in its figures last night, certain. One dollar isn't the fifth of \$55—not by a long shot!"

"But I kept the dollar, and in the course of the day had occasion to shove out my \$50 note to get it changed, and it was promptly shoved back at me.

"Counterfeit!" said the cashier.

"So my dream was right, after all. I really had but \$5 in money on my person when I found the one-dollar note, and of course the find was the one-fifth of that. You may well believe that I began to be shaken in my skeptical opinion of dreams, and I began to make a study of the subject. The other night I had another dream. This dream told me that the next day I would lose instead of find money. Something said to me: 'You will lose on Broadway the amount of money you have found, and \$150 more.'"

"I smiled when I started away next morning, for I took just \$5 with me, leaving all the rest of my money home.

"I'll settle this dream business," I said to myself.

"I didn't spend any money to speak of all day, and started home early with \$3. On my way down Broadway I met a friend, and he asked me if I had an hour or so, and I said I had. We went to his room. Some of the boys were there. I borrowed \$20 of my friend. I only stayed an hour. When I got home I counted up. I owed my friend \$173, all lost on the last jack pot. Then, for the first time, my dream came to me. One hundred and seventy-three dollars! The amount I had found and \$150 besides; and I had lost it.

"Do I believe in dreams? Well I should say so!"

ED. MOTT.

Cincinnati Notes.

TO THE EDITOR:—The weather here at Cincinnati on last Sunday was cloudy and threatening, a fine, drizzling rain occasionally falling; but despite this, the Psychic Research Society meeting was so well attended that standing-room was at a premium, and many were refused admittance. After the usual preliminary exercises, Mrs. Adah Sheehan, the regular speaker of the society, delivered her trance lecture, and although her auditors have become accustomed to listen to brilliant orations from her, nevertheless, her lecture of last Sunday surprised them by its eloquence and depth. Mrs. Eva Sagmaster created an impression by her trance singing. The diagnosing of diseases, and psychometric readings by Mrs. Sheehan were as usual wonderfully apt and correct, and heartily applauded.

Prof. Schomer's organ recital was well received, and his magnificent baritone voice, in some fine selections, created a furore.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is always on sale on Sundays at the meeting hall, and the demand has become so great as to exceed the supply. It is regarded here as a great spiritualistic organ.

You will again hear from me next week.

March 3. HUNT.

"Mind Reading and Beyond," a scholarly statement of the whole subject, with instructions plainly given how to train one's self in mind reading. By W. A. Hovey. Price \$1.25. For sale at this office.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.
J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as 2d class matter

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SATURDAY, MARCH 12 1892.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
The press dispatches represent the Episcopal Church at Detroit in great distress because of a melancholy occurrence recently given at the Church of the Messiah. The purpose was commendable, like grab-bags, oyster suppers, minus the oyster, sales of kisses, lotteries and other amusements of a kindred nature. A bewitchingly artistic sixteen-year-old danseuse was engaged for the occasion, and, says the report, "she delighted everybody." Desiring to please, she played the tambourine, and added foot-notes—otherwise tall kicking. The spectators were wild with enthusiasm, and the dance and accompaniment were repeated. And now the good pastor comes to the front, and objects to the skirt dance.

To meet the deficit produced by constant encroachments on the revenues of the church, new methods must be devised to raise the pelf. Why, only a few months ago they "sat down" on a clergyman, a very worthy gentleman, it is said, who attended horse races, and even allowed animals of his own raising to compete for prizes. Many of us remember when the distilleries were mostly owned by good church deacons, but that was when whiskey sold for twenty-five cents a gallon.

In Deep Distress.

Prettily Said.

Practical Good Sense.

A Warning Note.

P. F. Olds.

Outside the Gates; and Other Tales and Sketches.

Jonathan Koons.

Retrograde Movement.

The 44th Anniversary.

The World's Fair.

"The Progressive Thinker."

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

A. Chas. of Grand Rapids.

Will C. Hodge is now stopping at

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Truman Brown writes:

Eliza G. Wickers of Los Angeles,

Geo. F. Perkins and his estimable

Science, says Mrs. Browning,

more to increase its circulation.

long looked for just such a paper; an out-

spoken, fearless advocate of the truth!

May your life upon earth be long to

carry forward the enterprise so success-

fully inaugurated."

Geo. F. Perkins and his estimable

wife are still in the East. They are

holding meetings at Union Square Hall,

near 14th St. His Brooklyn address is

230 Fulton St.

The Freethinkers' Magazine for March

is a very valuable number. The frontis-

piece is a full-page portrait of the late

James Parton. There are nine fine

likenesses of the members of the Y. M. F. T. Society. Col. Ingersoll's graphic

and pointed address before the New

York Unitarian Club appears in full.

B. F. Underwood contributes a very

able article on Thomas Jefferson.

George Holyoake tells us what con-

stitutes a freethinker and freethought.

There is much other valuable matter.

Eliza G. Wickers of Los Angeles,

Cal., writes: "We have two meetings

here in different halls every Sunday

afternoon and evening. One conducted

by Prof. Bowman and the other at

present by our good sister, Mrs. Nick-

lesse. She is also having a mediums'

meeting and developing circle every

Wednesday afternoon, which is well at-

tended, and I think will be very bene-

ficial."

Truman Brown writes: "Mrs. Seery,

the trumpet medium, has been at Anderson,

Ind., the last two weeks, and has had to

turn people away from her circles on

account of so many wanting to go. She

has convinced a very large number, and

has given the most satisfaction this

time than ever before. She is coming

back to give a week's work for the benefit

of the camp meeting. She will also be

with us the whole of the camp meeting

time, and our camp will be a grand

success this year."

If we could reach all the Spiritualists

in the United States, we could soon double

our subscription list. An illustration can

be discerned in the following: Mrs. W.

H. Lloyd of Colorado Springs, writes:

"A neighbor lent me one of your papers,

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I liked it so well that I secured one sub-

scriber besides myself."

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WORLD'S FAIR.

Continued from first page.

months at the fair. They regard it as the opportunity of their lives, and these fanatics who shut up all these wonders of ingenuity and accomplishment one-seventh of the time—for twenty-eight days we are to live outside the wall that encloses the most marvelous works of man. I have made a suggestion as to what these church people might do for these children. It would cost about \$60,000 to let every child who earns his bread in Chicago visit the fair every Sunday, and arrangements could doubtless be made at less than that. There will doubtless be provision made for the children of the various grades of the schools—for children interested in the various sciences—botany, natural history, mineralogy. Charitable provision will also be made for the waifs and strays of the city to see the fair. I know Mr. Daniels, of the Waifs' Mission wouldn't let such a chance go by; also, for the children in homes and asylums. Why not for the little ones who are earning their bread? Not in the name of charity, either, but in the name of justice.

Let the education and fun which is stolen from them because of the indifference of society be made up to them in this way.

MRS. FREEMAN'S SPEECH.

When Mrs. Freeman, Secretary of the Secular Union, was introduced to the audience she was enthusiastically cheered, and at the close of her remarks the enthusiasm was unbounded. She said:

Perhaps nothing has ever contributed more toward liberalizing the people than this agitation of the Sunday question. There is scarcely a child ten years old that has not learned that Sunday was Apollo's day—a day dedicated to the sun, and its observance by Christians decreed by the Emperor Constantine nearly three hundred years after Christ's death. Every Protestant, then, demanding its observance, acknowledges the supremacy of Rome.

Nature has no holy day. She does not rest on the Jewish Sabbath, or the pagan Sunday.

Nature is a democrat. She is no respecter of persons, and she does not believe in the divine rights of anybody or anything.

Now, in regard to this Sunday question, we have heard a great deal about God's will. A great many good people claim to know just what God thinks about everything. I believe it would be much better if he could speak for himself. I believe he is very often misrepresented. I am not disposed to accept all the hard, cruel things his devotees say of him. If a doubt exists as to one's guilt, it should be given to the side of innocence. I have a doubt in regard to the cruel things I have heard about God. I don't pretend to know much about him, but I think I know as much as any one, and I don't believe he is so much worse than we are. He is not so narrow, and small, and ungenerous, as to want to rob the people of the brightest day of their existence when he has an eternity of days before him. And if I were to speak for him—and I claim just as good a right to speak for him as any one—I would say that I believe he is in favor of keeping the Fair open on Sundays. That old Jewish God might have said: "Keep it closed. For your lives don't dare to stick your heads outside your tents or build a fire in your homes." But the God of the nineteenth century is a different kind of God. He could not bear to see men and women and little children stoned to death for laughing in the sunshine, on any day in the week.

The distorted, impossible, puritan ideal of to-day belongs to that old past when it was believed that God was a jealous God, and delighted in destroying his creatures, whole nations at a time, visiting them with earthquakes, famines, and pestilence; in fact, in his insatiable cruelty making but a single mouthful of a continent. He was a carnivorous God, and had long, sharp teeth and cruel claws, like the men who made him. Woman didn't make any of the Gods. Man wouldn't give her a chance. She didn't always admire man's creations, but she was compelled to swallow them down and pretend that she did, and now man finds fault with her because she has developed such a wonderful Jonah-like capacity of swallowing. And as so much fault has been found with God, because of the imperfection of the world, and the wretchedness of the race, I believe, as I have said before, that were he permitted to express an opinion he would be decidedly in favor of Sunday opening. It would give him a chance to set himself right. He would want the mechanic, who stands ten or twelve hours beating the glowing iron into shape, the machinist, passing day after day amid the pulleys and wheels of his shop, the workman of the rolling mills, with the heat of the melted lava in a few years burning him blind, the poor working woman, grinding her life out in shops and factories and mills—he would want all these, with their white faces and hungry eyes, to go to that exposition and learn from the progress of the ages, of the splendid inheritance they were born.

They are too poor, these toilers, whose genius has made this exposition a possibility, to go on any other day than Sunday. They can't afford the time. But many of them might go on that day. Alas, in this boasted Christian civilization there are many too poor to go at all. And when they entered that exposition, the sermon preached by those who and stones carved and shaped by labor's hands into exquisite beauty, would be far grander than any word that ever fell from the lips of prelate or priest. It won't do to permit that old God of the past to dictate to-day. His standard of ethics is altogether too low. No one now, as in those good old times when the gods were young, has his gullible ear punched and remains a bondsman forever. We cannot permit Apollo to step with his pagan foot across the centuries and rob American citizens of their liberties.

I don't say that all the gods are in favor of Sunday opening; but I do say that the God that has been born of the best brain material of the ages is in favor of it, and I don't believe that he has entered into a conspiracy with Sam Jones, Sam Small, John V. Farwell, Herrick Johnson and the Sabbath Association or Col. Elliot Shepherd to create a corner on Sunday. He's not that kind of a God—not a commercial God at all. He doesn't keep his eternal eye peeled for the best bargains. He's not going to say, as one of these bigots

did: "If the poor man can't afford to go to the fair on a week day, so much the worse for the poor man." He's not going to drive the half-famished wretches back into their hovels, the starving miners with their nineteenth century faces back into the black holes not better than those into which their beast-like ancestors crawled.

The gods, then, as everything else, have been improving with the ages. They are getting better all the time. Man's latest ideal is as far beyond the old crude, cruel, Calvinistic conception as the calcium light is brighter than the ancient tallow candle.

He is no longer represented—this God of progress—as delighting in human slavery and human suffering. He has acquired the good taste to prefer the laughing faces of little children to the long faces of pious men, the beautiful flowers, and paintings and works of art that will be found in the exposition, to the gloomy cloisters of a church and the sawdust sermons of the parsons.

And so it begins to be realized that the gods should be self-supporting, that the Declaration of Independence meant something, that individual liberty is a necessity, and that the sublime sentence, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," has not been repudiated, but remains ablaze in the hearts of the people, and every lover of liberty demands its enforcement.

We, then, of the American Secular Union demand that in accordance with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, the Columbian Exposition shall be opened on Sundays, and we denounce as traitors to this Government the bigots who are working to close it.

Loud applause greeted Mrs. Freeman as she bowed at the conclusion of her speech, and when Chairman Waite could make himself heard he stepped forward and introduced as the next speaker Horace Bennett, who said:

From behind the eastern hills, the sun in majesty and grandeur rises. Before its burning rays, darkness recedes. The mists of morning melt away. Its light penetrates everywhere. Through the shutters, behind the blinds, into the palace and hovel it goes, to bid the sleeping world awake. The lethargy of the night passes off, and all behold another day. Nature speaks no word, neither gives any sign from behind the eastern hills or elsewhere to indicate to either Jew, Christian, Pagan or Infidel, that one day is holy or another unholy; that one day is sacred and another secular.

Some of those who hug with an idolatrous delusion the legend of the Garden of Eden and the story of the destruction of all living by the flood, entertain the belief that Jehovah, the God of the Jews, 1491 B. C., traced with his finger on a tablet of stone: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."

This belief justifies some of our fellow-citizens in publicly expressing the opinion that the World's Fair should be closed on Sunday. So zealous and earnest are they in this purpose, that they are forming organizations in various States and trying to create a public sentiment in this direction. In addition to a general activity they have asked and been granted a hearing before the management with a view of having their wishes complied with.

As I understand it, those who are thus actively engaged claim to represent the Christian church, but, at the present time, that claim is unfounded. Eminent and highly respected laymen, as well as some of the most intelligent of the clergy of the Christian church, are avowed advocates of the World's Fair being open.

At about the same period of time the ten commandments were given, upon the same mountain, and the same Jehovah, through Moses, the same Jewish oracle, spoke as follows: "And the Lord spake unto Moses in Mount Sinai, saying: Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever."—Leviticus, Chap. 25, vs. 1, 44, 45, 46.

The fourth commandment is broken in letter and spirit by every Christian in the civilized world on the recurrence of every Sunday. The American people, as well as the people of every civilized nation on the face of the globe, have repudiated in word and deed the principle of human slavery as commanded by God. It is regarded by civilized nations as an institution of the past, barbarous, inhuman and degrading. From whence do our fellow citizens derive their authority to declare one day God's day and six days man's day?

Is it custom? If so, it will, like all other customs which have been in discordance with reason, be repealed. Once it was the custom to burn disbelievers at the stake. In America they are permitted not only to disbelieve but to utter their disbelief. Are those who are to-day making every effort to create a public sentiment in favor of closing the World's Fair on Sunday, actuated by high and lofty motives? Have they the same earnest desire which was expressed by Christ in many different ways, to benefit their fellowmen? If so, let me ask these to mention some spot or place within the limits of the city of Chicago, within the boundaries of the State of Illinois, yes, mention some spot or place in all this broad land over which the starry flag waves, which will be so shielded and exempted from places and associations which corrupt, pollute, and degrade, as that spot of land set apart by the city of Chicago for the World's Columbian Exposition.

I assert, without fear of contradiction by Jew, Christian, Pagan or Infidel, that

there can be nothing within the gates and under the management except that which is elevating and ennobling. A panoramic history is before you. The progress of the race will be taught by object lessons. There will be a collection of the products of scientific investigation and work such as was never brought together before; the world, in miniature, will be on exhibition, except its pitfalls, its dens of iniquity and its vices. In the nature of things, the atmosphere, appointments and surroundings, will be the best that the heart, hand and mind of man can produce. Science, art, beauty and music, each will strive with the other for the plaudits of the multitudes. There will be one grand aggregation of music and beauty, either of which kindles the spark of nobility in man and arouses the ambition to higher ideals.

We insist upon Sunday opening that these standards of excellence may be seen, heard, felt and appreciated by all again and again.

We insist upon Sunday opening for that multitude of workers, whether clerks, laborers or artisans, that on that universal rest-day they may, with their families, enjoy this great privilege without the sense that it costs the wages or the salary of a day.

We insist upon it because it partakes of that broad, generous, liberal way of doing things which is in keeping with our American institutions, as contrasted with those narrow and contracted methods which seek to dominate and rule.

If the commissioners who have been selected by the President from every State and Territory in the Union, equally divided between the two great political parties, together with the local directory, in short, the management, shall to the end, as they have commenced, conduct this greatest of all expositions with sagacity, business judgment, skill, and the exercise of that greatest attribute of man, sound reason, and not be misled or side-tracked by the walls and petitions of a few superstitious or self-righteous Christians, then and in that case they will merit and receive the approval of the American people who are so typically represented by this grand and magnificent audience.

The next speaker was M. V. Britzius, who said in part:

You have now before you the first workingman who has spoken this evening. I speak for 26,000 cigarmakers. As a trade or class of men we do not look upon Sunday as binding. As a class we demand the right to use our leisure time in the way we think will best answer our necessities. We concede the same right to everyone else.

At the conclusion of Mr. Britzius' address Mrs. Lund sang Arditi's "El Basio" and then Charles Bary was introduced. Mr. Bary said:

The Turners of the district of Chicago, who have chosen one of the least of their members to speak for them in favor of an open fair on Sunday, do so, not as Germans, but as American citizens, who have cast their lot with this great republic and are the staunchest supporters of its institutions.

The twenty-four nationalities which compose the nationalities in the city of Chicago, are each and every one too important to allow any one to arrogate to himself the right to decide this question. The movement to close the fair Sundays, while ostensibly in the interest of the laboring man, is exactly the opposite. It is really in the interest of the class who idle away six days in the week—and then idle away the seventh. It is an agitation fomented by millionaire directors, who sell their daughters to titled nonentities who are European aristocrats and libertines. The money contributed by labor is exhausted in the payment of \$15,000 salaries, and now they seek to deprive the workingman of his only chance to view the results accomplished by the dollars he has so liberally contributed. Will the workmen of Chicago tolerate this? Is it not enough that they are now called upon to tolerate Nordrum as chief of World's Fair police? I dare to place myself in the category of those who will be denounced as enemies of Chicago's interests in my position on this question. I believe in Chicago as firmly as any of these millionaire directors, but my belief in Chicago and of its still greater grandeur is because it is a hotbed of radicalism, and because it is destined to give birth to a movement that among other reforms is destined to sweep that body of American aristocrats, the Senate of the United States, out of existence. On behalf of 45,000 Turners, whose accredited spokesman I am, I demand that the World's Fair be open Sundays and at lower prices.

Mr. Bary then amusingly depicted the consequences that would follow if the various nations and religions represented at the fair should demand its closing on their sabbath, and showed that it would be closed every day in the week if such action was taken. He also cited the Centennial exhibition, which had an enormous deficit, due to Sunday closing, and the success of the recent Paris Exposition, where Sunday was the best patronized day of the entire week.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance was introduced and made the following remarks, bristling with thoughts that made a deep impression on those present:

Mr. President, Gentlemen and Ladies: It would, methinks, be a strange sight to a stranger who had read our Declaration of Independence and our Constitution to see a meeting like this to urge the necessity of opening a great exposition on a day of the week that would allow the people who are the producers of all the wonderful wares to be there exhibited, the opportunity of spending the only day at their command in viewing the wonderful products of the laborers of the world.

They would naturally inquire what had become of our declared principles of religious liberty, that in this fair land there should be found a vast army of people petitioning to have the doors closed of a World's Exposition, not a Christian exposition, not even an American exposition, but one to which the whole world is invited to come as exhibitors and visitors, on the only day that the working-classes can call their own. The only day they can take their families and enter this great school where they can have the opportunity of their lives to view the wonders of the world there on exhibition. Yet such is the case. And why? Simply because of a mighty superstition that even here, in this Government, pledged to religious liberty by its immortal founders, has been allowed to, little by little, insinuate itself into the legislation of the country, thus interfering with the original intent of a perfectly secular Government.

This superstition crystallized into

churches as much right to existence as any other institution, but it must be kept from continually interfering with the rights of others, as is now proposed, in the instance of closing the fair on Sunday.

We do not propose to interfere with the right of the churchgoer to do as he pleases, and why should he interfere with our right to do as we please? "But the poor workingman must be protected; he must have a day of rest," is the hypocritical cry of those who would compel others to adopt their own ways of thinking and acting; as though the fact was not known that a great army of unemployed are in every possible way trying to keep starvation at bay, and would be only too glad to relieve the overworked for at least one day in seven.

The churches and the Brewers' Association oppose Sunday opening of the fair, for the reason that it would, as they think, draw from those who might otherwise bow before their shrines, and might add to their numbers and coffers. "Believe or be damned," is the basis of the church's principles of action, and to compel people to spend a seventh part of their time, one-seventh of their entire lives, as they may dictate, is in their code of ethics perfectly justifiable. They utterly fail to comprehend the law of liberty and individual rights, which only limits the actions of any one person by their encroachment upon the equal liberty of another, thus protecting each in his rights to spend his time where and how he may elect, and putting no barriers in the way of his so doing.

The church has ever been the relentless enemy of liberty. Look over history, and see the wars, devastations and murders committed by this arch enemy of progress. Where has science met with its bitterest oppositions? From the church. Bruno was burned for his advocacy of science. Copernicus dared not publish his wonderful discoveries until the hand of death had seized him, and then the church suppressed his works, and Luther cast upon his grave the epithet of fool. A dungeon's gloom was the fate of Galileo for declaring the world moved. Kepler gave the fundamental laws of astronomy, and because of its disagreement with the Bible he was driven from his seat in the university he had so long and ably filled.

Upon the heads of Bacon and Newton, Descartes and Laplace, Leibnitz and Humboldt,—upon all the devoted heroes of science,—has Christian malice and hatred hurled her maledictions. Says Prof. Huxley: "Who shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of Bibliolaters?"

Wherever you find a church, I care not under what name it exists, be it Catholic or Protestant, there you find an enemy to liberty.

Every reform movement of our times it has bitterly opposed. Slavery was a divine institution, and upheld by the church, and only by the brave work of such "infidels" as Garrison, Phillips, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley, and others, in spite of church opposition and persecution, was this foul blot upon our national honor effectually wiped out. Woman has ever found in the church her worst enemy and oppressor. In the Bible she is told her creation was an afterthought in the creator, and that she was made solely for man's convenience. Moses legalized the sale of daughters, and Paul's contemptible doctrines in regard to women have been used as chains to bind her in her degradation. From this enslavement of mothers a race of slaves is born. Let a liberty-loving woman utter a protest against this outrage, or a cry of anguish for the fate of her sex, and her voice is silenced by the church's jeers and taunts; and "let your women keep silence in churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak," rises from a thousand pulpits, to drown the cry. But women do speak, and will continue to speak, until some day, above the grave of their present mistress, the church, they will sing a song of deliverance.

Through this church influence our secular Government is being more and more corrupted.

Who pays no taxes on about a billion dollars' worth of property, thus saddling this entire burden upon other taxpayers? The church; and more, in some of the States it has so influenced legislation that this infamous law is established.

A man may be robbed of all he possesses, see his wife and children murdered before his eyes, and yet not be allowed to testify in court against the criminal if he will not testify he believes in a God, while the word of a thief or murderer is taken, if he does so believe, and most of them do.

Then, in many of our States, a man may be arrested for splitting a little wood in his own back-yard on Sunday, as a friend of mine was not long since, in Vineland, N. J. We have blasphemy laws, to shut the mouths of irreligious infidels; Comstock laws, to interfere with the dissemination of unorthodox teachings in regard to the laws of heredity; empowering this miserable specimen of the *genus homo* to interfere with the citizen's rights to the safe, unmolested transit of mails, and victims of his tyranny under church rulings are scattered over the country, immured within prison walls, or have been hounded to their deaths.

We have theatres, art galleries, museums, libraries, and other places of amusement and instruction closed on the day of all days when they should be open, thus allowing people to choose for themselves the mental pabulum their different organizations may demand. The great injustice this inflicts upon wage-workers, it seems to me, must be apparent to every poised mind, as this is their only opportunity, without loss of time which most of them can ill afford.

So long as such laws and usages are allowed to exist in this country, your Declaration of Independence is an empty lie, and your shouts of liberty but the roarings of fools. Then open wide the doors to all places of amusement and instruction, and allow every citizen to choose for himself the place he feels will give him most of satisfaction; for I hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and no less on the first than on any other day of the week.

We most emphatically protest against closing the coming Exposition in the face of the great masses who are anxious to attend on Sunday, and to this end we feel to exclaim, with Dr. Holland: Oh, give us men a time like this! Demand great hearts, strong minds, True faith and ready hands;

Men whom the love of office cannot kill, Men whom the lust of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who love honors; men who will not lie; Men who will stand before a demagogue And damn his treacherous flatterers without winking; Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the age In public duty and in private thinking. For while the rabble with their thumb worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds Mingle in worldly strife, lo! freedom weeps; Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance was followed by T. J. Morgan, who ridiculed the pretended interest of the clergy in the laboring man—an interest for his welfare that would deprive him of his very opportunity to benefit by the fair. He only asked the reverend doctors to get out of the way, and the workingman would look out for himself. T. B. Wakeman, of New York, made the closing address, and then a rising vote was called for on the resolution. Every man and woman in the house except fourteen students of a divinity school who were present, arose, and as the divinity students were not workingmen, the resolutions were declared carried unanimously.

The German-English School Association.

C. B. WAITE, President American Secular Union—DEAR SIR: Your communication of date Dec. 21, 1891, calling attention to the mass meeting under your auspices, to be held Feb. 27, 1892, against closing the World's Fair on Sundays, was read at the special meeting of our association, and

Resolved, That our association fully endorses your efforts in this direction, and is heartily in sympathy with the movement.

Resolved, That a written expression of our sentiments be forwarded to the American Secular Union, with the regret of our inability to be personally represented.

THE GERMAN-ENGLISH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Clemens Vannegut, President; Wm. Kothe, Sec., Secretary.

We concur in the above: Sozialer Turnverein of Indianapolis—Theo. Stempfel, President; Carl Kleber, Secretary. Indianapolis, Ind.

WHAT NEXT?

The World's Fair Must Be Opened On Sunday.

TO THE EDITOR:—As you have sounded the above query several times—and solved it—there may be no impropriety in repeating. There never has been such great progress, but to query has been pertinent. Indeed, the more progress in civilization, arts, sciences, and everything of human good, the more man queries as to what shall or can come; and thus, the greater your sphere as an editor, and more improved your paper, so does the public look to you for results. You are certainly "progressive," and deserve great credit. And with support will come added obligation to serve the people. This mutual co-operation is likely to be fruitfully realized. May your progress be aided by every thinker. There are more thinkers than willing actors, and there are very bad thinkers. There are many who talk more than they think. It will be a good thing for the world when talkers think, and thinkers talk. That is not a "What next?" for you, but an accomplishment. But there are some things you might consistently be called upon to do. It is not necessary to enumerate the items directly related to the cause of Spiritualism and of mediums—you have the public confidence that the best possible will be done. If public confidence were given to each medium and spiritual laborer, there would ensue grand results. That is too often an unrealized "next," even in the Spiritualistic body public.

What effort will bring the result? Will it be great patronage of mediums and papers? Then may ensue assumed authority. Are there danger lines in popularity and organization? It is an editor's function to detect it. Is there danger of lethargy? It is an editor's duty to prevent it. Perhaps the same of each medium and adherent. As the cause of Spiritualism grows, so increases the duty and care of each worker and investigator. Then let us confer with one another, and increase the fraternity we speculate upon.

The Spiritual platform is a vent to the well-charged mind, but the press reaches the greater number. Each should be made the vehicle of our best endeavors for mental, moral and spiritual culture. To that end, let all prosperity be applied.

A suggestion occurs: The secular press claims that no opposition is being made to closing the World's Fair on Sundays; that no petitions to that end have been presented. Societies and camps have resolved against such closing. Many Spiritualists and Liberals write against it. Why not start a petition, and get the opposition in shape? Churchmen have worked for months to secure the closing. Your paper is in Chicago, at the door of the Fair. Will you not make yourself the recipient of the petitions of opponents? Send blanks with your papers. Ask for contributions to pay for printing and postage. A mite from each of us will do the work. And then the Spiritual exhibit at the Fair will also need help. Your office and you personally should be utilized. We fail in the practical, but are wonderful in theory. A little of the practical is needed to secure a Spiritualistic exhibit at the World's Fair. If you will assume some of the labor, it will increase the prospects wonderfully. Romanists are plotting; Cardinals and princes are dying; war alarms are sounding; religious thought and civilization are changing; and Spiritualism must have alert watchmen upon its towers, lest there shall be encroachments upon its fair citadel made by vandal hordes from out the superstitions of past centuries. G. W. KATES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A SUGGESTIVE WORK.

STATUOLOGY; OR, ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM. Hitherto called Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism. Containing a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and an examination of the same by the French commissioners. By William Baker Fahnestock, M. D. Cloth \$1.50. For sale at this office.

RINGING THOUGHTS.

They Should Reverberate Through the World!

No Sabbath in Nature!

SHOULD BE NO SABBATH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR:—Nature knows no Sabbath; Nature's God knows none; then how is it that any puny mortals should have the right to curtail our liberties, and shut us out from the World's Fair on one designated day in the week? As set forth by the *Dyersburg State Gazette*, petitions are going up to Washington from all parts of the country asking Congress to vote no aid to the World's Fair at Chicago, unless it is coupled with the restrictive proviso that it shall close up on Sundays. Tennesseans, whose State absolutely refused to contribute a solitary cent to this glorious exhibition of the world, gallantly joins the army of petitioners. Church and State in this country—religion and politics—have never been permitted to clash by governmental interference. At this late day Congress cannot afford to legislate upon conflicting religious matters, and this attempt to interfere with the municipal regulations of Chicago will fall to the ground, after the right of petition has been received with all due courtesy. The best and brightest works of the accumulated centuries of the world will be on display at this Columbian Fair, and we cannot find it in our hearts to exclude those whose only chance will be on Sunday. Certainly, we all should remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy—but, by legislation, whose Sabbath? An interesting article in the current *Century* tells us that in New York City alone there are 250,000 Jews whose Sabbath begins on Friday. These American citizens own real estate there valued at \$200,000,000; while they have invested in business \$207,388,000 and more, and this in New York alone. Just think of the others scattered over the United States! Yet they are not asking that the exhibit be closed on their Sabbath, which they very devoutly believe to be the Sabbath of the Bible. It will not do to sneer at these citizens as "foreigners," for a large proportion of them are native and to the manor born. Again, there is another religious sect in our country, coming up to the full standard of good citizenship with all that this phrase implies. They own printing offices and are publishing books and magazines, advocating their sincere conviction that Saturday is the orthodox Sabbath. Their churches and school houses are beginning to dot free America, and are now heard from an educated ministry and diplomated professors. These be native American citizens, and yet you do not hear of the Seventh-day Adventists petitioning Congress to close the World's Fair against the world on their Sabbath. Indeed, this is a great big world. Narrow gauge roads were all years ago widened into the standard broad gauge, and now if a person expects to reach his destination in good shape and on time, he must travel on the broad gauge. It's so in religion, politics and business. There are in this country legions of quite respectable people, representing largely the wealth, refinement, enterprise and morality of their various localities, though they belong to no church, and may doubt the chronology that fixes the Sabbath of the Bible on Sunday. Are they and their views entitled to no respect or consideration by these worthy petitioners? But we speak more especially in behalf of that vast and meritorious body of bread-winners to whom Sunday is their only day of rest, devotion and recreation with wife and children. The arts and sciences—the concentrated beauty of all civilized countries—will be to them as nothing if they are excluded on Sunday from this, the grandest and most magnificent exhibit of civilization ever dreamed of by man and carried to perfection by his genius and liberality. It is grand enough for the rich and well-to-do—those who can make any day of the week a season of rest, recreation and devotion—to join those petitioners who would restrain their less fortunate countrymen from their God-given rights. But to the workingman, to whom the loss of a day represents from \$1 to \$5, it seems utter exclusion for himself and family. In and around Chicago there are hundreds of thousands of respectable, intelligent clerks and mechanics idle on Sunday. Many of these would, if they could, take their little ones and wives to visit the museums of art and natural history at the World's Fair—the agricultural and mechanical halls, botanical gardens, etc. But the portals of this great institution of education, enjoyment and recreation are sought to be barred on the only day when the workers could make use of the opportunities afforded. Plenty of side doors into questionable resorts will be open. But the wide halls in which the wonders of the floral and animal world are displayed—the spacious galleries that hold treasures of art that would linger as a dream of delight in the thought of the tired woman whose monotonous life is passed within the narrow limits of the brick walls of a cheap tenement—are now urged to be closed. Public opinion would not allow a privileged class to grow up to curtail the scant privileges of the intelligent, respectable poor. God bless the rude Sabbath of the poor man!—rest, devotion and recreation. The civil Sabbath of free America has nothing to gain by pushing it to the extreme of personal oppression.

Oh! when will the world escape from the chains of bigotry, intolerance, superstition and ignorance? Not until every mortal is educated and allowed the freest scope of investigation. Philadelphia, Pa.

B. RIED.

The Spiritualists of Michigan.

The Spiritualists of Michigan realize in full that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads. In that State it has undoubtedly a larger circulation than the *R-P Journal*, *Better Way*, and *Banner of Light*, all together. Our mailing list is always open for inspection, the only Spiritualist paper on earth that advertises that privilege. And now comes another large list of subscribers from Maconoma, Mich., sent by a lady—Mrs. Ruth Eastman. Thanks, many.

THEY ARE A REALITY.

Occult Manifestations from the Spirit World.

IRA GALE TOMPKINS RELATES SOME STRANGE OCCURRENCES, ONE OF WHICH HE GIVES AS A PART OF HIS OWN EXPERIENCE—COMMUNICATIONS FROM DARWIN AND LINCOLN BY MEANS OF MYSTERIOUS WRITING—A MESSAGE FROM THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT TRANSMITTED TO A BOARD OF TRADE MAN.

Hamlet says, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." And we have all probably on occasions realized the profound significance of his word. From time immemorial until the present marvelous phenomena have been constantly occurring which no science or philosophy has been able to satisfactorily account for. The science and philosophy which deals with the material things of this life we can only partially understand, and what science or philosophy can lift the veil from the immaterial world and reveal the occult forces of the invisible universe?

The nearest thing to the immaterial which we can to some extent handle, and of which potent force we are only on the threshold of discovery, is probably electricity. If the time comes which that seer of science, Edison, predicts, when a lump of coal no bigger than your fist will warm a whole house, and a few hods of the same will send a train of cars from Chicago to New York, we shall then begin to realize something of the marvelous power there is in this invisible agency.

How is it, then, with those occult powers the effect of which is sometimes seen and frequently felt, but whose cause is as difficult to account for as are flashes of "lightning in the coldest night, which in an instant reveal both heaven and earth, and ere one can say, Behold! the jaws of darkness devour them up?" We can only say, "They are."

Recent attention has been called to this theme by the purported production of a precipitated portrait in oil, by invisible agency, of that prophetess of theosophy, Mme. Blavatsky, an account of which, from a Philadelphia paper, has gone the rounds of the press, and a brief synopsis of which psychic phenomenon is here given.

A conclusive manifestation of those powers it is claimed occurred in the parlors of Mme. Best, the Philadelphia psychic, in the presence of J. R. Perry, of Wilkesbarre—another student in the realms of occultism—and a Mrs. Kase, in the production of the portrait referred to.

HOW IT WAS MADE MANIFEST.

Several canvasses had been prepared and waiting for the desired precipitation, but without result. On entering Mme. Best's parlors,



HELENE PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

Mr. Perry placed these canvasses on a chair with their face sides next to the wall, in a partially curtained but clearly lighted part of the room. Soon a smell of paint was remarked in the room, and the madam observed that the forces were at work. After waiting in silence some five minutes, the canvasses were turned from the wall, and on one of them there was a correct and beautiful portrait of Mme. Blavatsky, a copy of which is here reproduced.

Later on, it is claimed, while Mme. Best, Mr. Berry and Mrs. Kase were looking at the portrait, there gradually appeared in the upper left-hand corner of the background of the picture a face and head, and finally the clean-cut figure of the white-robed form of Mme. Blavatsky sitting with an expression of quiet repose upon her countenance, and her marvelously beautiful hands gracefully folded. Upon the windowsill sits a Hindu idol, an exact picture of one formerly belonging to Mr. Foulke, and which was given by him to the madam. Below the window are shelves containing books with the initials I. U. and S. D.—no doubt referring to the volumes she had written—"Isis Unveiled" and "Sacred Doctrine." Thus was this manifestation given under circumstances which preclude any suspicion of collusion on the part of Mr. Foulke, as he was not present at the time, and was also an utter stranger to all those who were.

SOME REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

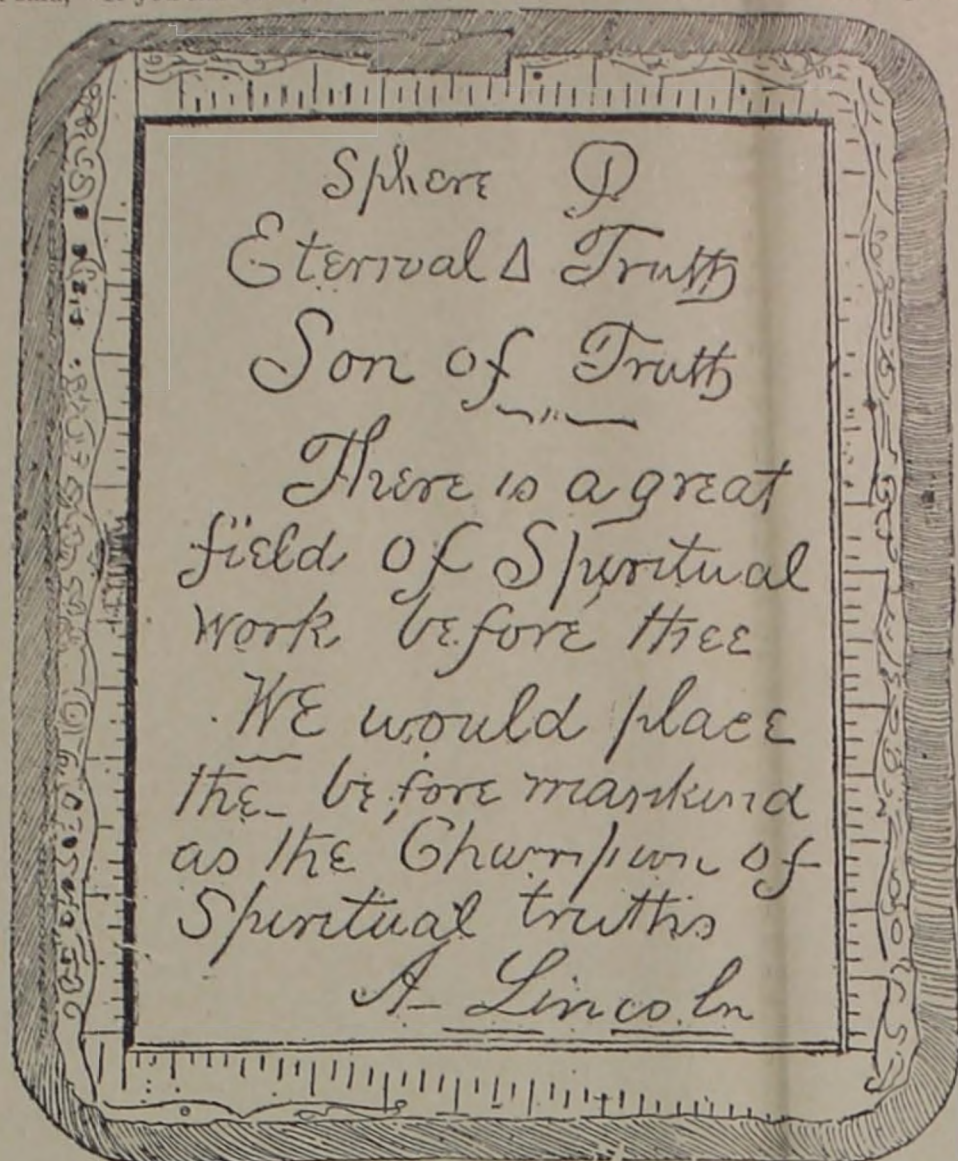
But all this is simply prelude to the statement of some remarkable phenomena that have occurred, and are occurring right in the heart of this great city of Chicago. In order to avoid personalities and any suspicion of an advertising scheme, I will merely premise that I have been a special contributor to the *Times* and the *Herald* for several years, and that what I here give is a simple statement of facts of which I was an eye-witness, without mention of names or locality, but which latter may be easily ascertained by those who are desirous of investigating for themselves.

The time is a little after four o'clock p. m. The scene is an ordinary-sized office-room in which there is no concealed paraphernalia, but simply a table placed near a window, and upon which there is a pile of plain, unruled letter paper and two pieces of cardboard about the size of the paper. The psychical medium requested me after being seated—the medium being seated on the opposite side of the table—to take from the pile of paper a single sheet and put it between the two cards, the cards being in this instance two old photograph mounts, whose pictures were faded and discolored. This was done, and the cards laid upon the table, the medium's hands resting

upon one edge of the cards and mine upon the other edge.

I was then requested to exercise all my will power in desiring the unseen force to come and make the communication. After an interval of a few minutes, nothing transpiring the medium said, "If you can come, come now,"

It will also be observed that the main body of the writing is different from the signature. This is accounted for by the psychic, who says that this controlling power is by a council composed of three advanced intelligences, who employ a scribe to do most of their writing, although not all, as I have seen specimens in



and then soon after, "Ah! the control is here; I see the light." But I could see nothing but ordinary Chicago daylight. I was then requested to hold the cards firmly in my own hands, and almost immediately I felt the writing going on, and when the last of it was reached where the signature "Darwin" is appended, the sound and sensation were like the ticking of a telegraph instrument, only much softer. Immediately after, three gentle taps on the cards signified that the communication was finished, a fac simile of which is here appended.

The time occupied in transmitting this message, I judge, could not have been more than ten seconds. Here was writing apparently done with pen and ink, without any visible material pen or ink, and done in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of using an ordinary material pen; and all done under circumstances and conditions that would make the supposition of any hypnotic influence or glamour of the senses seem untenable or absurd

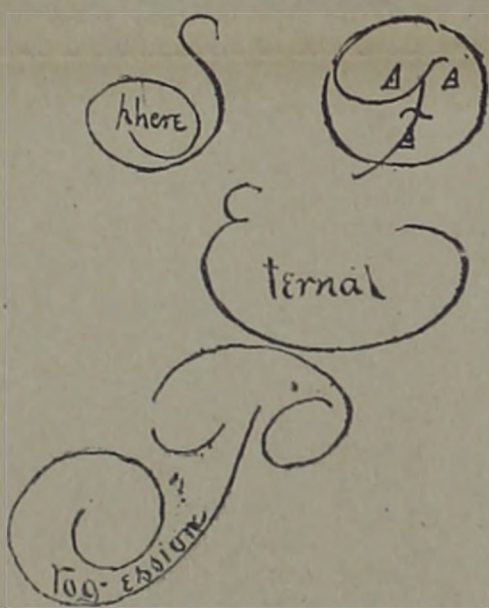
three different hands, affording convincing proof of individualized intelligences.

It has probably been truly said that the supernatural does not exist, but that no man knoweth the boundaries of the natural. Also, that the invisible forces of nature are far more potent than the visible.

Many may, perhaps, say on reading this account: "I don't believe a word of it." The reply is: "You don't need to." Those who are interested in this theme can easily investigate for themselves, and form their own conclusions.

In conclusion I will simply reaffirm Hamlet's dictum: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." IRA GALE TOMPKINS.

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The end result after that phase of evolution called Death
Look upward

In addition to the simple message itself, and its attractiveness as a specimen of chirography, there are some peculiarities about it of a personal significance to me and to no one else. I do not impute any miracle or supernatural theory to this revelation, but simply submit the evidence of my own senses and the fact as it appears, and leave the reader to draw his own inferences.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

Another instance of the display of this power is here given. A gentleman well known on the Board of Trade took with him a small new slate, with a perfectly clean surface, without pencil or other instrument. This slate was placed upon the table and covered with a blank sheet of letter paper. Placing his hands upon the edge of the slate, in a short time the gentleman was sensible of a scratching or cutting on the slate, which occupied a period, as near as he could judge, of about half a minute. When the paper covering was removed, the writing, of which a fac simile is given, was revealed to him, cut into the surface of the slate with no visible instrument, and he took up from the slate quite a spoonful of the dust or chippings, which he carefully preserved as collateral evidence of this marvelous demonstration of psychical power. Those familiar with the signature of the lamented Lincoln can say whether it be like the genuine or not.

Constant.

I give you back your word again;
Why should I hold it now?
Why should I see you try in vain
To keep a pledged vow?
And so to-day I say good-bye
Without reproach or tear,
Without one sob or bitter cry
To tell that you were dear.

And just because my love has grown
No whit more weak or cold,
I make no angry plaint or moan,
Nor speak of days of old;
But yet I will not have you say,
Because I give no blame,
That if you're weak and false to-day,
That I may be the same.

Not so. Together bound are we,
Bound by a golden chain;
No words you speak can set me free,
Nor ease my bitter pain.
You need not think the love that grew
And strengthened day by day
Within my trustful heart for you,
I now can cast away.

And if it chance the world should be
Unfeeling or unkind;
Should fickle fortune turn and flee,
And leave you far behind;
Should all your summer friends depart
In cold and proud disdain;
My love shall live safe in my heart,
Should you need it again.

—Chambers' Journal.

Poems by Edith Willis Linn.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES WELLS MOULTON.

How glad some it is in early spring to go into the woods and seek for wild flowers. They burst forth from the leafy mould in sweet confidence of the sunshine, while the air is yet crisp with the breath of winter, perfumed with the faint aroma of melting snow. There is the humble hepatica, with petals like flecks of purple sky; the pink claytonia and wind-flower, and blue violet. The trees have a blush of green, not of leaf, but bursting bud, and the willow shakes down blossoms on its bending spray. Make us a bouquet of these beautiful flowers, exquisite as ever grew under tender care in conservatory, although the rough wind-blown leaves formed their only protection, and the sun, bright or storm-concealed, their guardian. The spring day is bright. The west wind murmurs in the branches overhead, as we cull the rarest blooms, and then returning through the garden, where art has assisted nature, we gather crocus and hyacinth, and place our sweet bouquet in the daintiest vase, on the mantel as an offering to the return of Spring and the hoped-for blessings of the year.

Such a Bouquet is this dainty volume (consisting of 167 pages), by the gifted daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis and Love M. Willis, so well and favorably known to all Spiritualists. With an inherited poetic temperament, her thoughts spontaneously clothe themselves in song. There are over one hundred and fifty of these poems, written for special occasions when the author's heart beat in responsive measure to some event or scene, and her thoughts crystallized into gem-like beauty. From this collection it is difficult to make representative selections. A blossom of song here and there can only be offered, which appealed more directly to the attention. There is depth of philosophy and a life-time of experience in the following to "Dead Pain":

I learned to take the hand of Pain
And look within her tear-stained eyes;
To pierce her fearful dark disguise,
And feel her teachings were not vain.

In youth's first flush, in love's young dream,
One day she came to stay with me;
I hid my face; I would not see
A guest whose voice so harsh could seem.

I listened not to what she said.
Sweet Pain, I know you better now;
I weave white roses for your brow,
And love you now that you are dead.

You dwell beside me till I knew
Your face was beautiful and fair;
You drew my stubborn heart to prayer,
You were so strong, so wise, so true.

And just as I had learned to say,
"Dear Pain!" you died, and to your grave
I bring the treasure that you gave;
A wreath of joy is mine to-day.

And again, the joyful strength coming from
Defeat of our cherished expectations is thus expressed:

What though we fail! Through failure
The spirit learns to rise.
Upon the soul we bear the marks
Of strife and sacrifice.

That which we dream of doing,
That which we wish to be,
That which our prayer is pleading
With pure intensity:—

This is the truest nature,
The God-like and the strong;
Struggling and yearning upward
Through failure and through wrong.

When we sit down, awaiting the great tide to bear us onward, we are reminded that to few come the great opportunities:

Our lives from day to day are but the scene
Of little things that happen everywhere,
Full of the commonplace of toil and care,
Of word and deed that with each moment come.

The little deed, but oh, so hard to do!
Harder than battle of the noisy field,
To meet life's daily tempting and not yield,
To smile in spite of sorrow and be true.

Already these quotations have trespassed on the limits of my space, and I conclude with the following, which will touch every mother's heart, because coming from the heart of a mother:

God lends us the birds and the babies
And the beautiful, brilliant flowers;
We think in our pride of selfhood
The wonderful things are ours.

But lo! when the summer is over
The bird to its southern home flies,
And the flowers are gone from the meadow
Where once they delighted our eyes.

And the babies, too, have departed:
Alas! for our hurrying tears,
Some over the gloomy river,
Some with the grown-up years.

The birds will return in the spring-time
When flowers bespangle the sod;
But the babies, the blessed babies,
We have given them back to God.

Berlin Heights, Ohio. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Snowflakes.

Where do they go,
The melting flakes of the bright, white snow?
They go to nourish the April showers;
They go to foster the Maytime flowers;
Where the roots of the hidden grasses grow,
There do they go.

How do they go?
Drop after drop, in a silent flow,
When the warm rain falls, and the winds are loud
And the swallow sings in the rift of the cloud,
Through the frozen veins of the earth below
They softly go.

Why do they go?
Because Dame Nature will have it so!
More than this, truly, I can not tell;
I am neither a seer nor an oracle!
When all is answered, I only know
That they come and go!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

Minnesota Semi-Annual.

FORTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Without taking too much of your space in minute explanation, I wish to announce that the semi-annual meeting of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association will be held in conjunction with the Forty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 30th and 31st of March, (hall and city made known in next issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER). Good speakers will be in attendance. It is desired that all the officers and as many of the members as can make it convenient to do so, will attend, as business pertaining to the establishing a permanent camp and the general summer campaign of our organization should be taken into serious consideration. The way is almost clear to a perfect success in our undertakings, and with a strong and harmonious pull we can gain the summit of our hopes for Spiritualism in Minnesota. We cannot do it by jealousies and selfishness; only by rising above all these things. Your President,

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Hyp

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

And now, at this twilight hour, there comes to me by impression a little angel and says: "Master, tell your readers about me! Tell them about your little girl pupil! Tell them how I made myself known to you from this side of life! Master, I had an object in coming to you aside from the love I had for you. I wanted you to write the same for others to read. I wanted others having loved ones on this side of the great river, to know that the angels never forget; that every kind act, every kind word spoken, every little encouragement given is engraved deeply on memory's tablet never to be effaced. I want others to know that every unkind word, every falsehood, every act of brutality or cruelty will mar and deface the garment to be worn by the perpetrator, when he or she crosses the river where all shall meet their just reward!"

I seem to hear the words repeated: "Master, will you do this for me to-night?" Yes, I will. I love to speak of my spiritual experiences. I love to call attention to my friends "over there." I love to tell my readers how they still come to me, how they impress me, how they educate me, how they help me to lead a good and manly life, and thus fit myself for that examination preparatory to my entering that higher department whose teachers are the golden-haired angels.

In company with a friend, I once was present at a private spiritual seance in Mason City, Iowa, Mrs. Babcock, a private medium, being the mouth-piece for the angels. This was the first and only time I ever saw the medium or that she ever saw me. During this sitting several spirits gave their names and identified themselves. At last I received a written message signed "Fanny Kimball." This message contained many words of loving endearment, but we had no remembrance of any person bearing the name signed to the communication, and I was led to believe the same to be a fraud or a failure. At that time I was quite well acquainted with Mr. T. Wilkins, a good medium for communications, and who was a foreman in a printing office in my town. The day after I received the communication at Mason City, I invited him to my home and had a private sitting with him. After sitting a short time the medium was entranced and his hand was controlled to write me the following communication:

"Dear old schoolmaster, when I wrote you the communication through Mrs. Babcock, yesterday, I could not control her well enough to identify myself. I signed my name to that communication as 'Fanny Kimball'; but you knew me as Fanny Cummings. I lived with a man named Moses Cummings, who adopted me, and I took his name, my parents being dead at the time. You will remember him, surely. He had large, black whiskers, and was very profane in his speech, and made his girls work out in the field. Master, you remember me, surely. I attended school when you were the teacher. You saw me in some mischief with a boy, one day in school, and you made us sit together on the same seat in a corner of the house near the door. Oh, how ashamed I was, when you did this, and I promised I would not whisper again. I passed over to this side of life when I was sixteen years of age, and I found that your kind instruction had done much for me; that the lessons I had learned when you were my teacher had opened the way for greater progress, both before and after I entered this sphere of existence. Oh, my master, I never forgot you. As soon as I entered this life I made inquiries for you, and I found you. I have been with you many, many times, but could never make myself known to you before. God bless you, my old schoolmaster! You have many friends over here, and it adds to their joy and happiness when you live a good, noble and manly life. Some day you will reap the reward for your labor. Until we meet on this side of the river, I will be one of your guardians and watchers. I will try to instruct and develop you in return for what you did for me, when a weak and simple child. I may never write to you again, but dear old master, I will be near you in time of trouble and will impress you what to do. I am not the little child that you knew, but a grown-up woman in spirit-life, more grand and beautiful than you can have any conception. How I would love to tell you all about this, but I am losing control, so will close by saying, God bless you, my master; be honest, be true. From your old pupil, Fanny Kimball, known as Fanny Cummings."

When I had read this communication the facts came to me at once. I let my mind go away back in the past, to the little red school-house in Licking county, Ohio; to the time when I was a teacher in the same, to the little golden-haired girl that sat on one of the low benches near the fire; to the time when we caught this modest little girl in mischief with a boy of about her own age; how we punished them by making them sit on the same seat together. Yes, it was plain to me then, and I could fancy the little golden-haired child a grown-up woman in spirit-life. For many long years I had not thought of that child, and her name had passed from my memory. I knew not whether she were living on earth or had been transplanted in the flowery gardens of heaven. No, all the many, many years of the past seemed as a blank to me, and I was transported to that old school-house and its surroundings—to the time when, as a teacher, I "boarded around" the district—to the time when we boarded with "Moses Cummings," "the man with black whiskers." Oh! how he would swear when he was angry? Then we remembered his strong, healthy girls, that worked out in the fields. All these old scenes came before me as I gazed on the paper I held in my hand. So far as my knowledge extended there was a great fact related on that paper. I knew the fact was unknown to the medium, as the matter related took place before he was born, far away in another State. It was not mind-reading, for at the

time the communication was written I had not thought of the matter for long, long years. To-night, I feel the presence of the golden-haired angel, and as I sat down at my table to write I had no idea what I was to write about. I had not thought of this test for some years. I cannot describe my feelings. I was impelled to tell this little story. I felt it my duty, a duty I owed to the modest, loving, simple and innocent little pupil of mine, that listened to my chiding and commending in the long, long ago. My story is told in the language I was impressed to tell it. To me it is a glorious fact that sweetens my life, for it teaches me one of the grandest lessons of my life. Little did I think when acting as a pedagogue in that old red school-house in my youthful days, that the kind words I then uttered, the efforts I then made to educate and instruct the youth under my charge as a teacher, would come back to me as blessings from the spirit side of life after many days coming to cheer me in the downhill of life, to encourage me in my everyday labor and toil; to fill me with a happiness the world knows but little of.

No! I knew nothing of the Spiritual in my younger days. Had I known then, as I do now, how much more of good I might have accomplished. How many cross and cruel words I might never have uttered. How many, many times, where I have made the heart weary and sad, I might have made it joyous and happy? How many dark spots I might have removed from my own soul?

Every good, kind, noble, forgiving, as well as loving act, is recorded by the angels with ink that is as indelible as eternity is lasting. Then, why do I write these articles? It is to do good, to lift up the fallen, the poor and neglected ones of earth, to comfort the unfortunate; to tell them to never despair—that the darkest hour is just before dawn; that the angels are ever near; that life is a grand school, and the seeming misfortunes of earth are but lessons in the elementary department, to be contrasted with the joys in store for us when they are mastered and overcome. It seemed hard to me to teach that district school for the small pittance in money I received at the time; but when I realize that some of the scholars are now bright and beautiful angels, that come to me and teach me from the other side of life, in return—come to me and impress me to do right and shun wrong—impress me to speak kindly to the weak and sensitive, to never say one word, or do one thing to add to another's woe or suffering, I feel that I am amply paid for the few kind efforts I then made to educate and develop the childish mind. So, in the coming years, when writer and reader will meet in the higher school of life, I feel that every kind word I write to encourage and strengthen the feeble, the ones that grope in darkness, will help to lift me up more and more out of the mud and mire, out of selfishness and bigotry, up into the beautiful gardens in the Land of the Leal, where all will work in accordance with the services rendered their fellow-mortals here on earth. So may the impression given me by this angel pupil of mine, and the beautiful test given, proving in reality there is no death, only a removal to a higher sphere, cause my readers to ponder over this truthful article as they sit and think over the great problem of life at the twilight's gloaming.

M. P. ROSECRANS.

Little Prue's Opinion.

Little Prue'd been very busy all the morning with her broom.
"Helping mamma," so she told us, as she went from room to room
Making little dusty whirlwinds as she swung her broom about.
"Bless her heart, she thinks she's helping," mamma laughed, "beyond a doubt."
When the call to dinner sounded, little Prue did not respond.
"Strange," said mamma, "when there's chicken," for of chicken Prue was fond.
"Look about and find her, children. She was hungry hours ago."
When she smelled the chicken cooking, but she said she'd wait and grow.
All about the house we sought her, upstairs, downstairs, everywhere,
But each one came back reporting that no little Prue was there.
"Seems to me I saw her sitting on the back porch," grandma said,
"When I went to shoo the hens off, scratching in the berry bed."
There we found the missing darling with her broom across her lap,
And her head against the clapboard in a deep and dreamful nap.
And we had to shake and shake her ere the heavy lids would rise
That the roguish dream-elves' fingers pressed upon the sleepy eyes.
"Chicken's waiting," called out mamma. "Aren't you hungry, little one?"
"I'm 'dest starvin'," was the answer, "but I dreamed such lots of fun.
Dreamed I was a-eatin' chicken, and it tasted awful good,
But it didn't stop my hungry, seems so, as it ought to should."
"I dot drefle tired a-workin'," Prue explained, o'er heaped-up plate,
"So sought I'd rest a minnit, an' I went asleep,
My! Ain't chicken good? I dreamed so, but, I— with wise young head ashake—
"It tastes better in my stummick when I eat it wide awake."

—Eben E. Rexford.

Those who feel an interest in sustaining a free-thought paper, that is not crowded with advertisements, should introduce THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to their neighbors and friends, and get them to subscribe. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Gen. O. O. Howard is preparing to write a life of President Zachary Taylor, and has been at work for nearly a year gathering material therefor. Recently he was in Louisville, where he went to consult Gen. Thomas Taylor regarding the disputed date of "Old Rough and Ready's" marriage. He found the court record fixing the date of the ceremony June 40, 1810, and found also the log-house on the bank of Harrod's Creek where the ceremony was performed.

THAT VERY "SIMPLE TRICK"

Of the Champion Fraud Hunter.

His Silly Method of Explaining the Slate Writing Phenomena.

Brother Francis, I am a little surprised, but very much pleased, to see in the R. P. Journal of Feb. 27 that the few of our people who read it have been after its editor so sharply that his old-time boasted courage seems to fail him, and he comes down from the exalted high position of purity, honesty, and general excellence, from which he has been fighting the claims relative to spiritual phenomena in whatever shape they attract his attention, and (under pressure) has explained the "very simple trick." I suppose he will soon have us so well posted now (if his conversion proves lasting), that Professor Archer and all such will have to go out of business on account of our being so well educated as to be able to see through their very simple tricks. I am sorry he did not commence with us sooner. If he had he might have done as much for us, and have made us as near perfect as he boasts he has made the Chicago police. It was unkind of him to do so much for the police and so little for us. To help my readers appreciate the kind of work he has heretofore done for us, I here quote from the "Better Way" of Feb. 27 thus: The "Independent Pulpit," of Waco, Texas, says: "Some time ago one of its correspondents asked the editor of the 'R. P. Journal' the following question: 'Can you oblige me with the name and address of a reliable materializing medium in Chicago?' To which he replied:

"There is not a materializing show in America that is entitled to confidence. We would like to hear what the 'Banner of Light' and the 'Better Way' have to say on the subject."

Spiritualists, how is that for a professedly spiritualistic journal? Just think, a hungry man asks for bread and gets a stone of discouragement. He asks for light and gets the beclouding darkness that may be expected to follow the bite of a poisonous snake. He seems to have had some courage (not the Bundy kind) and some hope left yet, so he asks spiritualistic editors about the matter; and now, let us suppose what would likely be his thought when he afterwards finds out that not only is materialization a fraud and all the mediums frauds, but that all the editors of Spiritualist papers except himself are either frauds or dupes, and their papers all fraud-promoting sheets.

Spiritualists, how do you like the looks of our champion? What do you think of his way of teaching enquirers the way of truth and the beauties of Spiritualism generally? How does it sound to you to be told about "spiritual shows?" And in such elegant language to be told that there is not one in America that is entitled to confidence! What does he mean, unless it be that they are all frauds imposing on poor gullible dupes that he might have educated, but didn't, because he was so busy with his work of teaching the Chicago police to arrest and brutally mistreat women for being engaged in religious exercises. The reckless extravagance of his mad zeal is just as likely to effect injury to innocent persons and to the cause of truth as it is to result in justice to those who are guilty of fraudulent practices for the sake of gain. If he will avoid injustice to the innocent and injury to the truth, then every one of us will be glad to have him succeed in his efforts to eliminate fraud from the ranks of our mediums. We know that such success would be good for our cause and for all honest mediums, too.

Honest mediums are not all fools. They know that genuine coin circulates more freely when it is properly protected against counterfeits. They know, too, that we want the genuine coin; but our doughty champion of pure Spiritualism cannot get the latter idea into his head.

The only thought at all prominent in his journal is that we are "such a lot of gullible dupes that it is necessary to have some real smart fellow to fight frauds for us; and that he is foreordained, predestined and called to this work. We are so skeptical, however, that we think he has mistaken the origin of the call he heard. I will explain what I think of it by a very simple story.

A certain deacon plowing in his field heard the Lord calling him to preach, and he left his plow and hurried to the village church and rushed in where an official meeting was being held, and almost out of breath he stammered out what he had heard. Just then a donkey walked by the church and opened up his loudest music, and the deacon was still more excited as he said: "There, brethren, there! can't you hear him?" And I believe, from the nature of the R. P. Journal's work, that if its editor ever heard any call to it, then the call must have come from the same source as did that call which the deacon heard.

The Colonel was not called to tell us that it was a "very simple trick" to write inside two slates fastened together with screws and twine in the manner he described: but after he did tell us so, he heard numerous calls to explain how the trick was done, and lo! he heard; and lo! he also answered.

Spiritualists, all, have you read his answer? If you have not, then do read it; especially if you like fun, do read it. Learn to do it yourselves. You can, easily. All you have to do is to put a wedge in your pocket, and also a metal tube with a slate pencil in the end of it. Then get some "professors," and let them be men and women thoroughly trained in scientific matters generally; but be sure they are imbued with Spiritualism, so you can gull them. Have a spectator, or more than one, to see that there is no trickery about it. Have a stand to work by. Then seat the parties, and one of the "professors" will produce slates fastened as described in the statement of the "very simple trick." Now have him put them under the stand; then you take

hold of them; then the professor lets go of them, and you put them to your thigh. (I would suggest, to help the Colonel out, that until he becomes an expert, he had better grease the thigh to make it more supple.) Then, holding the slates with said thigh, you put your hand into your pocket, take out your wedge and pry the slates open. Of course, you won't displace the twine, or loosen the screws, or crack the wax with which they are sealed; and, of course, no one will see you at the performance, because it is so very simple; and then all you have to do is to put your hand in your pocket again, take out the metal tube and do the writing. Of course they won't see this, either, it's so very simple. Neither will they see you pull the wedge out again, nor see you put it and the tube back in your pocket—of course not, because it's so very simple!

I do not want to be rude, but when a man says he can write as the editor of the R. P. Journal said he could, and then explains how to do it as he has, then is it not fair to conclude that he took the cue of his thought from the creature the deacon heard calling him to preach? May we not also conclude that he is not cut out the right way, or made of the right kind of material to discern accurately the difference between truth and falsehood, or to tell what fraud is, and, therefore, is not responsible for what he writes?

GEO. BROOKS.

Bloomington, Ill.

In Defense of Mrs. Maud Jones Gillette.

TO THE EDITOR:—In issue of Feb. 13 of the R. P. Journal, of Chicago, is published a lengthy report of a sitting for independent slate-writing with the medium, Mrs. Maud Jones-Gillette.

The anonymous writer, in endeavoring to show by *a priori* reasoning that the manifestations were fraudulent, has succeeded in proving nothing, but exposes his imperfect knowledge of the facts, which the editor of the above-named pseudo-Spiritualist journal is only too willing to publish, and to thus give out to the world that genuine, independent slate-writing is not to be looked for or is hardly an admissible fact.

I desire to say emphatically to those who are seeking for knowledge, that this phase of spirit-manifestation is a fact, and the medium referred to has proved to the satisfaction of many keen and observing investigators to be an excellent instrument for the use of the spirit-world. There is testimony of the highest character to prove this assertion. Last summer, at Onset, Mrs. Gillette's time was almost constantly employed in demonstrating the facts of spirit communion through independent spirit-writing, and gave general satisfaction. Among others, Mr. Budington, the editor of *Alcyone*, has published a statement that he took his own slates and they were never out of his sight for a moment. They were placed upon a goblet on the table, and messages and a picture were produced upon them. Also the Hon. A. B. Richmond had a sitting and the results were satisfactory under test conditions. He took with him four pairs of school slates, previously marked; also a set of folding card-board slates, which he had possessed for years for memoranda. These slates were not allowed out of Mr. Richmond's sight, and he placed around the card slates a rubber band, and enclosed them within a pair of school slates with a rubber band also around them. Then he requested, if possible, that the guides produce a picture on the latter. The remaining three pair of school slates were perfectly clean, and a question which he had written and folded into a small pellet was placed between each pair.

Mr. Richmond's testimony is that when he opened these, messages were seen upon the slates, and they were pertinent answers to his questions. At last he opened the small card-board slates, and found on the first leaf a name written in color, and upon the next leaf a picture, being a likeness of Ed. S. Wheeler, who in earth life was well known to many Spiritualists.

This testimony is from one who is a close observer, a lawyer of ability and renown. The writing was upon his own marked slates and under crucial test conditions. The writer of the damaging article which I have made reference to, alleges that the medium performs all this as trickery. He goes into detail to attempt to show that it is all done on the theory that the medium palms the pellets, opens and reads them under cover of the table and actually writes the messages herself, and then, after showing clean slates, changes them surreptitiously. Furthermore, that to produce the messages on the slates brought, she holds them up edgewise on the table and writes upon them in the presence of the sitter while his mind is otherwise engaged in conversation. Will any one of sense, who has had sittings with this or any other genuine medium for this phase, accept that as an explanation of her method, in view of their own experiences in their investigations? We can safely say that no such theory will stand. Allow me to give an extract from my own diary. I arrived at Onset on the 30th of July last. I had never heard of Mrs. Gillette before. I called at her cottage the next morning and had a sitting. I took no slates with me, but used those that she furnished. They were cleaned in my presence, and after being sure of that, two of them were bound together with rubber bands and remained continually in my sight on the table. As requested, I wrote names and questions on half a dozen slips of paper and folded them into the ballots. The medium could not see what I wrote, and there was no other person in the room. The medium then folded each of the ballots into small pellets and they were mixed together on the table.

In feeling of them some magnetic influence prompted her to select one of these and place it upon the slates just under the band. Then she immediately felt of another, selecting it out of the lot, and placed that also with the other under the rubber band. Then she said a certain relative of mine, long time deceased,

was present. She saw the first initial of the name, and then pronounced the name that she heard; said she saw the spirit. I asked for a description. She gave it, the size, complexion, color of hair and eyes and the style in which the spirit always wore her hair. The description was fully recognized by me. The medium told me that the spirit was writing and soon asked me to open the slates. I did so, but first read the pellets which had been placed upon them. They proved to be those relating to this spirit. I had divided the question by asking for a message, and giving the relationship on one, and the name simply on the other. So the selection proved to be a good test to me. Then upon one of the slates I found a long message completely filling it, and written in a fine hand, addressed to me by name, and commencing: "You do not need tests. What's in a name?" And then follows a beautiful message with incidents known to me alone; a name also mentioned not on any of my pellets, and the spirit's name signed in full. (I had written only the first name in the pellet.)

No such theory as suggested would apply to my case. All my questions were satisfactorily answered by independent writing, and I, be it understood, was an entire stranger to this medium. I could give other interesting instances also in my subsequent sittings with her, affording absolute proof of the genuineness of the manifestations.

In one instance my question upon the folded pellet, placed between a pair of slates, was for a picture. When I opened these slates there was a drawing of a human face, artistically done. My next pellet contained a request for a message for one of my family at home. While the pair of slates with that pellet was lying before me, I incidentally remarked that I did not recognize the face on the previous pair of slates. I opened these slates and my request was answered by a statement from the control that a message could not then be sent to the one named. And another brief message answered my mental remark that the picture represented so and so, giving the name. I mention this as it conveys the internal evidences of truth and cannot be in anywise relegated to fraud or trickery.

The writer of the unfavorable account could see nothing but an attempt to defraud him. He tries to show that the pictures are made by a certain process which would require much time and patience to produce, and would necessitate changing of slates. The instances which I have quoted will not allow of any such explanation.

It is an oft-repeated saying, and gives a good illustration here, that if one's mind is so completely filled with the idea of fraud that he will not have it any other way when in the presence of a sensitive psychic, the invisible operators have the power to so manifest as to confirm his unbelief, and the medium may be but a truthful and humble instrument at the same time.

I could add many more instances to this narrative, but have already occupied too much valuable space. I simply desire to vindicate one whose character I believe to have been maliciously assailed.

CHAS. P. COCKS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, '92.

Gleams of Beautiful Sunlight.

TO THE EDITOR:—I would like to speak of my daughter Estelle, whose transition occurred March 7th, 1891. She viewed the approaching change as a happy event. Being a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy, she deemed death but laying aside the material form to enter the new life of happier and higher usefulness. While conversing one day regarding the future life, I requested her to inform me, if conditions would permit, whether she found spirit-life anything like what she had pictured in her mind while on earth; and also to give me a word or sentence as a pass-word of recognition after her transition. She replied, "It shall be, 'I come!'" She then said: "Tell our friend (who is a writing medium, and owing to extreme sensitiveness on her part I am obliged to omit her name) that through her hand I will write a certain letter (naming the letter, which was X) which promise was verified soon after her transition. The medium had no previous knowledge of what the letter was to be. Regarding the fulfillment of her promise to me the messages below will testify, which were written under good test conditions. The medium above-mentioned saw, clairvoyantly, my daughter and her father, who requested her to write, to which she complied by going into the next room, and, procuring paper and pencil, she seated herself at a table with no light in the room. The time was 8 o'clock in the evening. She wrote three messages, together with the names of three other spirit friends, making six different handwritings. The first message was from my sister-in-law, whose transition occurred two weeks following my daughter's. The two messages seem to be so connected I will copy both:

"Tell Jane this is a reality and a truth. I will give my other loved ones a sure test as soon as I can control long enough. MARY."

"Mother, 'We come,' not 'I come,' but all of us, and I testify this is a reality; not fictitious or imaginary, but actually existing. This is real life, not quite as I thought in earth-life—but better.—E. M. H."

These messages from the loved ones beyond the vale are gleams of sunlight, which brighten the dark hours of my lonely life.

MRS. L. R. J. HOWARD.

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